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THE LATE CRISIS.

THE more peaceable aspect of affairs in the East which preceded the delivery of the Russian ultimatum was satisfactory both in all other respects and chiefly because it seemed to justify a probable conjecture that Russia never intended to go to war. Nothing happened subsequently to account for the great apparent change in the Emperor ALEXANDER'S policy. It is true that the Porte was expected to accept the limited term of armistice which there was no reason to suppose that it had at any time definitely rejected. The counter-proposal of a six months' armistice was evidently made as a basis for negotiation; and as soon as it appeared that the neutral Powers only passively approved the offer, there could be little doubt that Turkey would give way, if there was any reasonable hope of purchasing peace by concession. War has now been suspended, but the main issue between Russia and Turkey cannot be decided by the acceptance of an armistice. The Porte will not consent to a Russian occupation of Bulgaria, and, on the other hand, the Russian Government will scarcely be satisfied with Turkish promises of reform; but nevertheless, if Russia is not prepared for war, some temporary arrangement will be patched up as an excuse for maintaining peace. A fortnight ago there was abundant reason for the general apprehension of immediate war. It was no proof of undue credulity to accept as true statements which were intentionally circulated by official authority. One day it appeared that the reserves of the army had been called out; on another, that four thousand Cossacks, with their horses, had entered Servia; and it was ascertained that railway traffic had been suspended in the Southern provinces to make room for relays of troops, and that contracts had been completed with the Roumanian railway for the despatch of the same force to the seat of war. The Russian General who commands the Servian army became every day more and more peremptory in his dealings with the Government which he affected to serve, and one of the Servian Ministers, who had presumed to remonstrate against his proceedings, was compelled to resign. It may now be regarded, not as an ascertained fact, but as a probable hypothesis, that the object alike of real and of rumoured preparations was to intimidate the Porte into submission, and to test the disposition of the European Powers. If pacific counsels now prevail, it may be inferred that the alleged pressure of public opinion was a part of the diplomatic policy of the Russian Government. Journalists who combine ostensibly unlimited license with an absolute negation of real liberty may be with equal facility put forward as representatives of national feeling or summarily disavowed. It is perhaps a favourable symptom that the supposed organs of a warlike policy are at the present moment allowed or instructed to bluster with unusual vehemence. One of their number announces, not only that war is impending, but that, when it is over, the dominions of Austria will be divided by Russia, Germany, Roumania, and Italy. If an attack on Turkey were really intended, it is difficult to believe that Austria would be gratuitously threatened.

The threat of an immediate rupture was sufficiently explained by the total defeat of TCHERNAYEFF. The Servian Government urgently applied for the relief which formed the substance of General IGNATIEFF'S peremptory demand. The theory that the Russian Government wished to have the credit of extorting a concession which would be voluntarily made is far-fetched and superfluous. It is

not known how far the more moderate tone of Russian communications with the Porte may be attributed to the attitude of the European Powers. The prudent reserve of the English Government has been in some degree neutralized by the language of journalists who are at all times anxious to assure possible enemies that they have nothing to fear from the hostility of England. Silly sentimentalists who prattle about the crusade of Christian Russia against the worshippers of MAHOUND probably exercise as little influence abroad as at home; but the systematic profession of selfish indifference to foreign interests is perhaps regarded as an authoritative exposition of English policy. Nevertheless the memory of the Crimean war cannot be altogether extinct in Russia; nor will cautious statesmen rely on the permanence of pacific tendencies in a nation which has not hitherto been deficient in warlike instincts. The assurances received from Berlin probably corresponded with the language since addressed by the EMPEROR to the German Parliament. There was no reason to apprehend immediate opposition on the part of Germany to a Russian invasion of Turkey. The possibility of ulterior differences when the question of dividing the spoil should arise has probably not been overlooked. The neutrality of Italy was perhaps more positively assured; but there could be no serious desire for an Italian alliance which could only be purchased by the promised spoliation of Austria. By far the most important question to be decided as a preliminary of peace or war was the connivance or the opposition of the Austrian Government. The autograph letter which was some time since addressed to the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH seems to have elicited only an ambiguous reply. The offer of Bosnia, on condition of the assent of Austria to a Russian occupation of Bulgaria, was not accepted. Plausible statements that a perfect understanding had been established between the two Imperial Courts alternated with menaces of war against Austria, published in semi-official Russian journals. Both rumours represented the influence which Austria necessarily exercises in the affairs of South-Eastern Europe. The language used by the German EMPEROR seems to indicate the existence of difficulties in preserving a good understanding between the Russian and Austrian Courts. With the aid of Austria, Turkey would have nothing to fear from Russian invasion of the European provinces; for a Russian army could not safely advance beyond the Danube unless the neutrality of Austria were secured. It is probably true that the Absolutist section of the aristocracy favours a Russian alliance; but Hungary, which is thoroughly hostile to Russian aggression, has a potent voice in the councils of the Monarchy. As long as Count ANDRASSY holds his present office the contingency of resistance to an attack on Turkey must always be regarded as probable. The renewed abstention of the Bohemian members from the Austrian Parliament will not fail to remind the German part of the population that the Slavonic Societies which are now supposed to promote the war in Servia were originally fostered by the Russian Government for the purpose of political intrigues in Bohemia.

Unless the recent show of moderation on the part of Russia was intended as a blind, it may be assumed that the Russian Government shrinks from the risk of a single-handed disturbance of the peace of Europe; and in any case there can be little doubt that the prudent decision of Turkey is accepted as a welcome relief from a perilous position. The disasters which have befallen the Servian army affected rather the immediate action than the permanent policy of Russia;

yet the discontent of the Servians may perhaps suggest an additional objection to aggressive war. If the latest rumours may be believed, the Servian artillery refused to fight in the last battle, in consequence of the dissatisfaction which had been caused by the demeanour of the foreign Commander-in-Chief. In the course of a few weeks the Russians have effectually alienated the good will of the clients whom their countrymen had urged into an unprovoked war. The unfortunate peasants who wounded themselves for the purpose of escaping the dangers and hardships of the campaign have suffered more from their protectors than from the enemies who had never done them an injury. The sublime doctrines of ethnological sympathy which have been known in Russia for seven or eight years have probably never penetrated among the illiterate population of Servia. The local recruits are not aware of the fictions which are devised in their honour by distant patrons. They never heard of the remarkable combat in which, after their ammunition was exhausted, they drove back the advancing Turks with the bayonet. The defeat of TCHERNAYEFF must be embarrassing to his employers in Russia, whether they have abandoned the design of war or have merely postponed it. If the Russian Government had a fortnight ago both determined on war and completed all necessary preparations, General IGNATIEFF would not have been afterwards engaged in negotiation at Constantinople. The capture of Belgrade, or even the investment of the place, would reduce Russia to the alternative of either interfering in the contest or of acquiescing in Turkish success. The most obvious mode of preventing an unwelcome or premature crisis was to obtain either by negotiation or by menace an armistice, which might either facilitate the withdrawal of the Russian contingent from Servia, or give it time to receive reinforcements. The provision of securities for the Christian subjects of the SULTAN in Bosnia or Bulgaria was less pressing than the suspension of hostilities in Servia. Whether the numerous difficulties of the enterprise will be overcome without forcible intervention depends on the unknown policy of Russia, which may or may not be prepared to begin on the present occasion the long-meditated dismemberment of Turkey.

#### MR. GLADSTONE ON RUSSIA.

IT is always desirable that exaggeration and inaccuracy should be corrected; and it was not literally true that the cruelties of the Russian generals in Central Asia were of precisely the same kind as the Bulgarian atrocities, or that they involved equal guilt. The irregular troops and the local chiefs in Bulgaria perpetrated iniquities more abominable than murder; while, on the other hand, the massacres which they perpetrated were not the result of formal orders issued by the highest military authority. A Commander-in-Chief who deliberately orders the destruction of a hostile tribe without distinction of sex or age is a more responsible person than any Aga, or even any Pasha, who directed or permitted the crimes committed in Bulgaria. It happened that both the Russian and the Turkish crimes were recorded by the same witness, who in both cases speaks with equal positiveness. It is understood that Mr. SCHUYLER owes his present appointment, not only to his general merits, but to his unusual command of languages, including Russian. It is natural that a newspaper correspondent who appears to be connected with the Russian Embassy in London should protest against the charges which have been brought against his countrymen in Central Asia, and that he should extenuate the General Orders which are quoted and reprobated by Mr. SCHUYLER. The Russians themselves, unless they have studied an idiosyncrasy which is not quite intelligible to Englishmen, may well be astonished at the appearance of an ex-Prime Minister of England in the character of an apologist for General KAUFMANN, and an enthusiastic eulogist of General TCHERNAYEFF. Mr. GLADSTONE vindicates the humanity of the Russians on the ground that Mr. SCHUYLER was not an eye-witness of the slaughter of Turcomans, and on the assumption that he may perhaps have mistranslated the documents which he has quoted. The controversy may be left to the writer whom Mr. GLADSTONE has assailed, with the remark that his motive was certainly not "to sow strife with the risk of bloodshed," but to prevent, if possible, the strife and bloodshed for which, as far as it has proceeded, Mr. GLADSTONE is largely responsible, by

showing that a war undertaken to substitute Russian for Turkish dominion would not necessarily produce beneficial results.

As might be expected, Mr. GLADSTONE takes occasion to applaud and encourage the extension of Russian dominion in Central Asia. The process may perhaps be justifiable, or even unavoidable; but it is not the business of an English statesman to invite a possible enemy into the neighbourhood of the Eastern dominions of England. The great majority of English and Indian authorities apprehend danger from the Russian advance, although some of them are indisposed to infer hostile designs from a policy which tends to eventual collision. The present question is not whether Persia or Afghanistan may require to be watched, but whether it is desirable to convert Servia, Bulgaria, and Bosnia into dependencies of Russia. Mr. GLADSTONE'S confidence in Russian benevolence and moderation is not shared by some observers who may be regarded as competent witnesses. Bishop STROSSMAYER and the Protestant American missionaries in Turkey have probably few points of agreement; but they concur in the opinion that the provinces would suffer more from Russian despotism than from Turkish weakness and misgovernment. Some of the newspaper Correspondents at Belgrade declare, perhaps in too comprehensive terms, that the Servian army and nation would now, after short experience of their Russian auxiliaries, prefer any peace which Turkey might dictate to the continuance of the war. Mr. GLADSTONE'S sympathies are at present too active and too one-sided to leave room for a regard to those commercial considerations which naturally attract attention at Manchester. The Chamber of Commerce in that city was lately reminded by the Chairman that English exports to Turkey exceed sevenfold those to Russia. The extension of Russian dominion would exclude English manufactures from existing markets; and although Bulgarians must not be murdered with impunity, they ought to be allowed to buy cotton goods and hardware. Those who deprecate a Russian war of conquest are not, as Mr. GLADSTONE supposes, necessarily opponents of peace. On one point only he seems to have modified his opinions for the better since he first plunged into the political and religious controversy. In September Mr. GLADSTONE asserted that Mahometans had "for the guide of their life a relentless fatalism; for its reward hereafter a sensual paradise." In November he is more tolerant and just to a faith of which he seems to have had little knowledge. His conversion may perhaps be attributed to a proclamation which he justly describes as remarkable, in which General TCHERNAYEFF once enjoined the inhabitants of Tashkend to act on "the teaching of the orthodox religion of MAHOMET, on whom and on whose descendants be the blessing of God." It is true that in his former pamphlet Mr. GLADSTONE excepted from his condemnation "the mild Mahometans of India," as well as the unknown nation of the "Saladins."

The question whether a considerable section of the Liberal party is disposed to follow Mr. GLADSTONE justifies curiosity, although it would be more practically interesting if the Session were approaching. Before February circumstances will probably have changed; and the House of Commons will scarcely be inclined to indulge in the retrospective criticism which, in default of better materials, serves the purpose of members who have speeches to make during the recess. If Parliament were now about to meet, it would have to listen to a repetition of commonplaces which have on either side been adopted as common forms. The Conservatives would recapitulate the efforts of the Government to prevent war, and would claim credit, if indeed the topic has not become obsolete, for a due share of the righteous indignation which Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers would willingly have appropriated to themselves. From the Liberal ranks there would be a secession of some of the most patriotic and most independent members of the party, and the language of the residue has been anticipated by several recent speakers, and most fully perhaps by Sir HENRY JAMES. A skilful advocate has no difficulty in analysing a long and difficult negotiation for the purpose of showing that at every step something different might have been said or done, and that in many cases untoward results might have been avoided. The forensic orator is careful to leave to his adversary the suggestion that an alternative course might not necessarily have been more prudent or more successful. The theory of Mr. GLADSTONE'S partisans is that Lord DERBY from the first discountenanced the insurrection through sympathy



with the Turks, and that he thwarted the efforts of the other Powers, and especially of Russia, to effect an equitable arrangement. The party, if not their leader, has by this time been shamed out of the calumnious anachronism of attributing the Bulgarian atrocities to the subsequent acts of rejecting the Berlin Memorandum and despatching the fleet to Besika Bay. It is true that Lord DERBY regretted the insurrection, and deprecated its continuance, not in consequence of any sentimental preference of Turks to Christians, but because he foresaw the open or covert intervention of Russia, and the ulterior danger of war. Nearly every Government in Europe subsequently approved the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum, and even Russia recognized the impossibility of afterwards taking any immediate step, because at that moment ABDUL AZIZ was deposed. The English Government would have been inexcusable if, in direct antagonism to the policy of remote and immediate predecessors, they had afforded active encouragement or aid to the insurgents in Herzegovina. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues had never thought it right or necessary to expel the Turks, bag and baggage, from Europe; and they appointed and kept in office the AMBASSADOR for whose alleged shortcomings the present Government has been held responsible. Neither the Ministers nor the Opposition could foresee the cruel suppression in Bulgaria of a revolt which can itself have caused little surprise to those who had official knowledge of Russian intrigues. The Servian declaration of war which Lord BEACONSFIELD perhaps censured with excessive vehemence must now be allowed, even by the philanthropists who urged its subsequent continuance, to have been a mistake. Lord DERBY's venial error consisted in his slow apprehension of the general excitement, and in his consequent abstinence from the use of language which would have satisfied popular feeling. It is but fair to assume that he was indignant at the Bulgarian atrocities; but his attention was concentrated on the still more important object of preventing a Russian invasion of Turkey. The despatch which he afterwards wrote on the subject was, from its official character, a stronger remonstrance than Mr. GLADSTONE's impassioned declamation. It is highly probable that, if the English Ministers could have foreseen from the first all that has subsequently happened, they would have in some respects adopted a different course. Their excuse is that they share the imperfections of humanity, including an absence of the gift of prophecy. The judgment which will ultimately be formed on their conduct will depend on the spirit in which they have acted, and on its conformity with the temper and permanent policy of their countrymen. Mr. GLADSTONE's paradoxical predilection for Russia, as it is, not for the first time, exhibited in his apology for General KAUFMANN, may perhaps have the merit of candour, but it will not earn the reward of popularity.

#### LEGAL CHANGES.

THE Michaelmas sittings began on Thursday, and the Bar assembled in Westminster Hall had brought before its notice the great changes which death and promotion have in the last few weeks worked in the ranks of the Common Law Judges. Lord BLACKBURN has been created a Lord of Appeal, and will bring to the Supreme Tribunal a greater accession of strength than could have been obtained by any other appointment. In Mr. Justice QUAIN the Queen's Bench Division has lost an acute, painstaking, and clear-minded Judge; but he has been replaced by Mr. MANISTY, to whose merits it is perhaps the best testimony to say that his elevation to the Bench has been expected for many years. The CHIEF JUSTICE, who would make any Court strong in which he was present, therefore starts with Justices MELLOR, LUSH, FIELD, and MANISTY as his PUISNES. In the Common Pleas Lord COLERIDGE and Justices GROVE, DENMAN, and LINDLEY have been joined by Mr. HAWKINS, who replaces Mr. Justice ARCHIBALD. To the merits of his deceased colleague, to his learning, patience, and nobleness of spirit, Lord COLERIDGE paid on the opening of his Court an affecting tribute. Mr. HAWKINS brings to the Bench the prestige of a brilliant and successful career; and if a knowledge of juries is as useful to a judge as to an advocate, he ought to shine, with few to rival him, in Nisi Prius trials. Mr. Justice BRETT and Barons BRAMWELL and AMPHLETT have been promoted to the Intermediate Court of Appeal, and this diminution of the strength of the Exchequer leaves the CHIEF BARON with only Barons

CLEASBY, POLLOCK, and HUDDLESTON to support him. It is stated that the vacant judgeship has been offered to Mr. LOPEZ; and if he is placed in the Exchequer, each chief will have four PUISNES to make up his Division. It was part of the scheme of the Act passed last Session that the Courts should be reduced in numerical strength, and the transfers of Mr. Justice BRETT and Barons BRAMWELL and AMPHLETT to the Intermediate Court of Appeal do not make vacancies in the Courts they have left. In the dim future some possible increase of judicial strength is contemplated by the Act. When two of the paid members of the Judicial Committee have died or resigned, the Crown may, on an address from both Houses of Parliament, appoint a new PUISNE Judge, and the process may be repeated when the tenure of office of the remaining two paid Judges of the Judicial Committee has come to an end. In course of time, therefore, there may be fourteen instead of twelve PUISNE Judges; but it is premature to speak at present of any difficulty in securing the services of adequate Judges. Political reasons have always exercised a certain weight, and occasionally a supporter of the Government receives a judgeship which he could hardly have hoped to obtain if he had not done something for his party. But Lord CAIRNS has been creditably sparing in exercising his patronage so as to reward or reconcile the lawyers of his party; and if Baron HUDDLESTON and Mr. LOPEZ may in some degree owe their advancement to their political career, nothing but professional merit has decided the selections of Lord BLACKBURN, of the three new Judges of the Intermediate Court of Appeal, and of Mr. MANISTY and Mr. HAWKINS. The CHANCELLOR may not have done all that, as head of the profession, he could have wished to make the new system work efficiently, but he has probably done all that it was in his power to do; and if the machinery that is now to be set going breaks down in any part, this will not be because he has been careless in the choice of the workmen employed.

The Act of last Session provides that from the 1st of next December every action shall, so far as is practicable and convenient, be heard, determined, and disposed of before a single Judge. But rules of Court are to be issued which will draw the line as to what is practicable and convenient, and will lay down in what cases business is to be disposed of, not before a single Judge, but before a Division of the High Court consisting of two Judges, to be increased to a larger number in very exceptional instances. In the middle of the present sittings, therefore, a legal change of great magnitude will suddenly come into operation. This is no doubt a very inconvenient arrangement; but the passing of the new rules is a very difficult and delicate task, and it was considered hopeless to try to get the Judges to give the time and attention necessary while the Long Vacation was going on. For a month there will necessarily be some confusion in the working of Courts which are on the eve of a transformation; but so much depends on the new rules being well drawn, that it may have been better to humour the Judges and let them work when they like, at some inconvenience to the public, rather than have their work badly done when they would have been fretting at having their holiday cut short. To decide what the exceptions shall be will tax the ingenuity and foresight of the Judges; but there can be no doubt that the great mass of business will be disposed of before a single Judge. As the Judges will not have to sit in banc they will have much more leisure for Nisi Prius trials, and it was on this basis that Parliament calculated that the administration of justice in the Common Law branches of the High Court would be more speedy, although there will be three fewer Judges to administer it. To a certain extent the calculation will probably prove to have been well grounded. Points that used to be argued before three Judges will now be argued before one, and the two Judges no longer required will be at leisure to expedite their own business. But, on the other hand, it must be expected that appeals will largely increase. Suitors who have been accustomed to appeal from the single Judge sitting at Nisi Prius will find that they can with equal ease appeal to the new Common Law division of the Intermediate Appeal Court. The scheme is really a scheme for Mr. Justice BRETT and Barons BRAMWELL and AMPHLETT sitting permanently in banc, while the other Judges sit at Nisi Prius. This offers the advantage that the composition of the Court sitting in banc will always be known beforehand, and that its decisions will have the weight attaching to a strong Court.

But it remains to be seen whether the Appeal Judges will be able to get through the mass of work that will be forced on them in that part of the year which is not taken up with Circuits. They, like the other Judges, are to go on Circuit; and this is necessary, as there are not enough Judges for the Circuits without them, and the leaders of the Bar could not be on Circuit and also be arguing cases before them as a Court of Appeal at the same time. But this leaves them what may turn out to be insufficient time for their main business. They are likely to have as much work to do as the Chancery division of their Court, and they will have three months less to do it in.

In contemplating the effect of the Judicature Acts, and of the Act by which they have now been supplemented, we must always be hoping. We must look to the future, not to the present. We may hope for a good crop some day; but just now we are only ploughing the ground, and ploughing is notoriously rough and disagreeable work. Hitherto the apparent disadvantages of the new system have been greater than its apparent advantages. Hosts of small, puzzling points of detail have had to be settled at the expense of suitors who, however unwillingly, have made a present to the public of the cost of interpreting obscure clauses and rules. This is a necessary incident of every considerable legal change, and the public, in view of its own gain, is willing to forget the sorrows of individuals. But this is not all. Great hardship has been inflicted on suitors, not only by the obscurity of new legal questions, but by a confusion attaching to the general working of the system. It has been impossible to anticipate when or where or by whom an action would be tried. Cases that were expected to come on have been delayed, and cases not expected to come on have been suddenly taken. Solicitors have found it impossible to calculate when to be ready, and the client has to pay for the expenses of witnesses who are not wanted, or he has found his witnesses absent just when they ought to have been of use to him. The Chancery Courts, again, have been blocked by monster cases lasting for weeks, until at last the MASTER of the ROLLS, having an habitual confidence in himself, rebelled and required that the Judges on Circuit should dispose of some of his cases for him. He was probably quite right, and the course he took was the one best for the public; but it was best for the public only because the new system of hearing oral evidence in Chancery prevented the Equity Judges from getting through the business which previously they had been accustomed to despatch. Either a return in some improved form must be made to the old system of deciding by affidavits, or the number of Vice-Chancellors must be increased. If it is asked what clear good the new system has done up to the present moment, it would be very difficult to give any satisfactory answer. All that can be said is that as yet it is too soon to judge whether any disappointment which the new system may have caused is due to its inherent defects, or to the preliminary uncertainty and confusion which the introduction of any new system, however good in itself, must occasion.

#### FRANCE.

THE French Assembly has resumed its sittings with a quietness and absence of parade which accord with the feelings and situation of the country. Even VICTOR HUGO is said to have arrived at the conclusion that it would not be wise at the present moment to call on DUKE DECAZES for an exposition of the foreign policy which he has lately been pursuing; and the DUKE has been left free to make at his own time a statement as guarded as the most cautious diplomatist could think desirable. France is enjoying profound quiet, and wishes to enjoy it. Industry, prosperity, and adherence to a Conservative Republic are the prevailing themes and objects of French thought. The Ministry has not lost ground; and does something, if it does not do much, to please its supporters. The general character of a French Ministry is apt to be judged and determined by the conduct and aims of the Minister of the Interior; and the present MINISTER of the INTERIOR is perhaps the most pronounced Republican in the Ministry. Some changes have been made recently to the advantage of the Republican party in the list of prefects and sub-prefects. On the other hand, the Ministry has very sensibly acquiesced in the distribution of the higher military commands without reference to party; and Bonapartist generals have had their fair share of

the posts which are considered the rewards of services or merit. M. DUFAURE has had the spirit to resist the pretensions of the Vatican when it wished to assume the right of fixing and changing the limits of bishoprics; and he and his colleagues have been honoured by a special condemnation or excommunication from Archbishop GUIBERT on account of their alleged hostility to the Church. But when their action is compared with the sentiments of the bulk of their supporters in the Assembly, it is their moderation rather than their violence on ecclesiastical questions that is conspicuous. As France wishes to hear the Eastern question discussed as little as possible, and, so long as the flames did not touch it, would view with indifference the rest of Europe being on fire, the Assembly may look forward to a quiet time spent in discussing the Budget and the forthcoming measure for the further reorganization of the army. Once more the eternal question of the amnesty is to be brought forward, under the slightly new form of a proposal to shorten the time of prescription in favour of alleged Communist criminals. But this is too glaring a departure from the settled rules of French law to be looked on with much favour. In a country where logic is supposed to reign supreme, it would sound grotesque to enact that, whereas a prescription of ten years would be required to shelter any other criminal, five years would suffice to protect a Communist who had been guilty of the same offence.

M. GAMBETTA has been visiting his Belleville constituents, and has made them a speech which is in many ways remarkable. The journals which habitually try to write him down have taken much pains to prove that the meeting was packed, and that only those who were sure to applaud whatever he said were allowed to come. Some precautions must be taken to avoid disorder, and M. GAMBETTA may have naturally wished that a meeting which he addressed should not end in noisy tumult and the intervention of the police. Those who came to the meeting came in response to notes of invitation; but the meeting was so far a genuine representation of the constituency that more than two thousand persons obtained admission, while two thousand more had to go away for want of room. If M. GAMBETTA had been afraid of Belleville, he would not have gone there at all. His object in going was to throw down a distinct challenge to those ardent Republicans who accuse him of backsliding and lukewarmness. He has his theory of what is the course which a wise and honest Republican ought to pursue in the present circumstances of France, and he wished to explain and justify that course in as open and unmistakable a manner as possible. He has been accused of what in Republican language is termed "opportunism," and he desired to have it understood that he was not only not ashamed of opportunism, but accepted and gloried in it. By opportunism is simply meant pushing Republicanism only as far as the country will bear with it, and presenting the Republic in the only form in which it has a chance of lasting. The business of a Republican who wishes to see the Republic thrive is, as he said, to be moderate, conciliatory, and prudent; to avoid anything like an attitude of combat; to take what he can get without grumbling that he cannot get more, and to think always how he can carry the country with him. Nor did M. GAMBETTA mince matters on a point as to which Belleville is supposed to be very sensitive. He pronounced in the most decisive way the Communist insurrection to be a crime, and declined to support a general amnesty on the ground that many crimes were committed by Communists which could not be ascribed to mistaken political ideas. To make moderation the avowed basis of Republican policy, and to denounce the Commune, may seem simple things enough in themselves; but, coming from M. GAMBETTA when speaking at Belleville, they had an indisputable significance. They indicated that he felt strong enough to break with the extreme section of his party if it chose to fall away from him, and that, even if his constituents should desert him, he had a support in France on which he could rely.

Belleville may take heed to these words of wisdom and remain faithful to its choice, and the position of M. GAMBETTA as a statesman seems every day better assured; but in his new part of a financial reformer he is not likely to win much success. M. LÉON SAY, the Minister of Finance, declines altogether to accept the projects and suggestions of M. GAMBETTA. He has stated his views to the Budget Committee, and the basis of all that he had to say was the necessity of caution. When, after the war, it was necessary



to invent and levy new taxes, every one had his special plan; proposals were made attacking every interest in turn; no scheme was too wild to be pressed on the Assembly. Something like a leap in the dark was taken, and a new system of taxation was worked out. Very probably it had many faults, but at any rate, M. SAY urges, it has been established, and the country has got used to it. To alter it from end to end, and to treat every part of it as an open question for theorists to debate, would be to plunge the country once more into confusion. Instead of doing great things, the Minister prefers to do very little things, and to do them cautiously and slowly. He began by disabusing the Committee of the notion that there could be any large surplus to deal with at present. If in the present year there is a surplus of from twenty to thirty millions of francs, that is the outside of what he considers possible. Nor, even in considering future years, is it prudent to anticipate any real reduction of expenditure. It is true that in the course of a time comparatively short the debt to the Bank will have been repaid; but the funds now applied to that purpose will be wanted long afterwards to meet other payments occasioned by the war. The modest surplus which he contemplates as soon to be at his command should, he thinks, be devoted to reducing the cost of telegrams and postage. Living is dear in France; but the true mode, M. LÉON SAY suggests, of enabling a nation to face the dearth of living is to make it richer. The wealth of the nation can be most surely increased by removing all checks on the circulation of industry. Business becomes more active when it is cheap to telegraph and to send letters by post; and it is by the increased activity of business that he hopes to see France better able to bear its burdens. If telegrams and postage could be cheapened, then, before all things, M. SAY would like to see the tax on the transportation of goods removed. But he does not see any possibility of effecting this until the time comes when the conversion of the debt may be expected to give a new surplus of nearly a million and a half sterling. To convert the debt is, however, he holds, utterly impossible unless the funds continue to be exempted from taxation. Thus M. GAMBETTA'S pet notions have been almost all rejected, one after another, by the Minister who has to do with actual facts, and to think what the country can really stand. As a financier taking up a new career with the ardour and ambition of a beginner, M. GAMBETTA may be discouraged by this; but as a politician he must see that a finer illustration of the beauty and wisdom of opportunism could not be given, although it may be given at his expense.

#### THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THE fact that the Arctic Expedition has returned in safety, and with no greater losses to life and limb than might have been reasonably anticipated, can suggest nothing but sincere congratulation. Everybody must rejoice at the safety of men who, if they have done nothing else, have at least shown conclusively that English sailors have not yet lost their ancient spirit of enterprise. Captain NARES and his subordinates may take their place in the heroic succession stretching back to the Elizabethan days when the first adventurers tried to pierce the everlasting barrier of ice. But the pleasure due to this reflection may take different forms. Satisfaction that the dangers have been surmounted is accompanied in some minds by a regret that they were ever encountered. People who take this view will make the most of the failure to reach the Pole. If, indeed, that feat had been accomplished, even cynics would have been secretly gratified. The ambition to get to the Pole may be called as childish or, rather, as boyish, as the ambition to get to the top of the Matterhorn. It cannot be justified by any utilitarian arguments, or even by consideration of the interests of science. The charm of the performance appealed to the imagination rather than the reason. We should justify a man for getting to the Pole as we should justify him for painting a picture or writing a poem. The feat, like the artistic triumph, is interesting in itself, and as a manifestation of certain moral and intellectual qualities; but, if anybody refuses to be interested, or to admire the spirit embodied in the adventure, he can hardly be convinced by any appeal to considerations of a different order. And yet we take it to be certain that, if Captain NARES had come back with the Pole, metaphorically speaking, in his pocket, all cavils

would have been effectually silenced. There would have been a certain completeness in the achievement; a sense of something done once for all, and, in its way, incapable of rivalry, which would have made any dissent practically impossible.

Captain NARES has not had this good fortune; but he has done the next thing to it. He has shown beyond doubt that the performance is impossible. He has removed from our minds the uncomfortable feeling that a path might perhaps be open to the goal, waiting only for adventurers of sufficient daring, and yet not attempted by Englishmen. There is no pretext for saying that we are allowing "I dare not" to wait upon "I would"; or rather that we are trying to shuffle off a want of daring under cover of a want of will. Thanks to Captain NARES, we may feel that our national character is so far beyond all reach of suspicion from ourselves or others. We have pushed enterprise as far as any reasonable being can desire, and it is something to feel absolutely certain that we have not erred by keeping too far within the limits of caution. The various expeditions which were sent out from the ships evidently pushed their courage to the extreme verge of prudence. The loss of the lives of some of the strongest and most experienced travellers, and the difficulty with which one party at least was saved from total destruction, show that the risk, in spite of all precautions, was most serious. The application of steam has enabled expeditions to come to close quarters with the enemy with greater speed and certainty than was formerly the case. Experience has enabled some of the dangers to health to be materially diminished. But it is plain that, in the last resort, the battle has to be fought by sheer physical strength, courage, and discipline, against the old obstacles, and pretty much under the old conditions. In spite of every advantage that modern science could supply, the struggle against cold and ice had to take much the same form as in earlier days. There was as much need as ever of devotion, strength, and courage; and it is pleasant to see that the supply was equal to the demand. Of late we have somehow come to expect that a paragraph of naval intelligence will contain accounts of boilers which go wrong as mysteriously as the china dusted by unimpeachable housemaids; of ships provided with the most elaborate mechanism which can supply everything except the one thing wanted—namely, presence of mind and soundness of judgment; and of officers with whom it is impossible to find a single fault, except that the ships under their command perversely get into trouble. It is not impossible that a time may be approaching when it will be highly important that accidents which nobody could foresee, and faults for which nobody could be responsible, should be somehow suppressed; and it is therefore specially agreeable to read once more a record of the old stamp, and to hear that the foresight, skill, and energy of Captain NARES have won for him the most implicit confidence from all under his command. He had, it is true, an advantage which cannot always be reckoned upon by his colleagues. There are no Special Correspondents in the Arctic Sea; or, at any rate, they could not send daily telegrams as to his proceedings. The responsibility under which he was placed was heavy enough, but had not that accidental aggravation which sometimes renders responsibility paralyzing. Anyhow Captain NARES has added another series of incidents to our naval records, the knowledge of which may serve to maintain that spirit of national self-confidence which is a condition of all noble achievements. FULLER appears to have entertained the opinion that some ill-conditioned person might go to the North Pole in order to sulk for six months without infringing the command about the sun going down upon his wrath. Our explorers have turned their residence to a better purpose.

This consideration alone may be sufficient to prove that the voyage to the North Pole was not thrown away as an investment of national energy. For the mere failure to reach the North Pole we can easily console ourselves. We are not sure that the result is not satisfactory from a purely imaginative point of view, so long as nobody else can succeed where we have failed. We do not wish to see the inaccessible parts of the earth's surface too rapidly annexed. A few centuries ago the known world was but an island of light amidst a mysterious region of darkness, which fancy might people at its will with all manner of mysterious monsters. The regions beyond the ocean were as much outside the sphere of human knowledge as the planets are at the present day. We can make a much better guess as to the peculiarities of a lunar landscape than our ancestors

could form as to the centre of Africa or the antipodes. The strange beings of old childlike imagination have been improved off the face of the earth. PRESTER JOHN has vanished from our prosaic world. There is no spot for the Phoenix to take refuge; and those quaint beings with eyes in their breasts, or the heads of dogs on their shoulders, in whom HERODOTUS delighted, have vanished for ever from the earth. Their place is ill supplied by scientific suggestions as to the possibility of the existence of a "missing link" to be dug up in some undiscovered geological stratum. The old romance is gone, and there is certainly no chance of our discovering beings in the Far North worthy to take a place in some new edition of Sir THOMAS BROWNE. The unvisited region is interesting merely by virtue of its desolation. The "thick-ribbed" ice which foiled the gallantry of our Arctic explorers could serve only to give a more lively image of some of the Miltonic scenery of the infernal regions. There is a certain pleasure, however, to the modern imagination in any remnant of the inaccessible. The Alpine Club has done its best to remove that charm from the icy regions most familiar to us; but it will be long before there is an Arctic Club, and before any one attempts to scale those mysterious mountains bordering the desolate friths of the North, and sending their stupendous glaciers into the frozen sea. The feeling may be a little perverse; but the sense that there is this unexplored corner in our dwelling-place is a kind of relief to the imagination of the Londoner oppressed by the nightmare of an ever-growing population. The time may come when Lieutenant CAMERON's route will be a popular long-vacation excursion, and steamboats ply regularly on the lakes of Central Africa. The gloomy Arctic regions will in all probability preserve their sullen inaccessibility until the time, not so many million years distant according to some men of science, when all life will perish from off the planet on the advance of an eternal winter.

We fear that this consolation may be regarded by persons of a prosaic turn of mind as verging upon the fanciful. No consideration derived from the destruction of foolish romance would weigh for an instant with a genuine man of science. He does not go to the North Pole, like Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's saint, in hopes of verifying an ancient legend and discovering JUDAS ISCARIOT enjoying his annual relaxation on an iceberg with the thermometer at 100° below zero; and perhaps he would not care if this, almost the sole legendary association of the Arctic seas, should be suppressed. The existence of herds of musk-oxen in a latitude to which they had not been supposed to penetrate, or of that phantom-like hare which was seen flitting before the adventurers on the furthest shores which they reached, would be much more to his mind. The information hitherto published would not justify many conclusions as to the amount of scientific information of this kind obtained by the Expedition. It seems, however, that considerable collections of natural history have been formed, and the researches of energetic inquirers in so novel a region must have undoubtedly added to our knowledge both of the past and present condition of the earth's surface. We must be content, however, to wait until fuller information has been published. For the present, the most obvious reflection is that upon which we have already insisted. It is impossible to speak too highly of the good qualities displayed by the commanders and their crews; and we feel that they have given an example worthy of all respect and imitation at a time when it is certainly not less required than of old. We congratulate them in all sincerity, and hope that their memories may be pleasant in the future, and for the present enable them to feel that the temperature of an English winter is delightfully, we hope not oppressively, warm.

#### THE OMLADINA.

EVERY one knows that for some time past a Society has been at work in Serbia and the adjacent Turkish provinces; but among the many puzzles of the multifarious Eastern question, nothing has been more obscure than the constitution, the mode of operation, and the aims of this society. Some information on these points has at last been offered to the public by Mr. FROST, in a work recently published, called *The Secret Societies of the European Revolution*. He gives an account of the society which has been so busy in Serbia and which is known as the Omladina, and he enables us to connect its history with the history of other societies of a similar type. How far what he tells

us is altogether trustworthy we are unable to judge, as we have no means of checking his statements; but his volumes inspire the belief that he has been at great pains to ascertain the truth of what he records as facts, that he is silent when his knowledge fails him, and that he has had in some way a key to the secrets of many of the societies he describes. He writes also with impartiality; and neither condemns these societies as altogether bad, nor approves of them as altogether good. Most of his readers will reasonably believe that they are getting nearer, as they peruse his pages, to the mysterious Omladina than they ever got before; and the first wish of every one who is not a fanatic or a partisan must be to get at anything like facts before pronouncing an opinion on the dark Eastern question, which presents, not so much a complex problem, as groups within groups of complex problems to the dispassionate inquirer. Whether the Omladina is to be blessed or cursed; whether it has used, or has been used by, the Russian Government; whether its aims are a chimera or an anticipation of a real future, are very important questions; but they are all secondary. What the Omladina is must be determined before they can be approached.

To know what the Omladina is, we must go back beyond the beginning of its existence. It had its parentage in other Russian societies, and all Russian secret societies are imitations of the innumerable secret societies which for at least a century have been playing a part more or less obscure in the political history of Europe. It is said that the occupation of France by Russian troops after the defeat of NAPOLEON sowed the germ of thoughts to which the simple Russian mind had been previously inaccessible. These ideas were a hatred of the despotism of the CZAR, a longing for a Constitution, a sympathy for the Poles, and a dim aspiration for the advancement of all belonging to the same race as the Russians. The members of the first Association were known as the United Slavonians. They seem to have rather shared and made use of a prevailing dissatisfaction at the CZAR's refusal to assist the Greek insurgents than to have based their own action on a desire to help their co-religionists as such. They were willing to begin at the beginning, and were persuaded that Russia, to be happier, must be better. Grand visions of general enlightenment swam before their eyes. One section was appointed to watch over the administration of charitable institutions, another was to promote education, a third to introduce purity into the tribunals, a fourth to spread the knowledge of political economy. To bring about all these desirable ends, it seemed necessary to start with an insurrection, and a plot was contrived, the fear of which, when warning had been received, overshadowed the last days of ALEXANDER, and which ended in an outbreak suppressed with difficulty in the first hours of the reign of NICHOLAS. The characteristics of this society were that its objects were excellent, if Russia had been fit for their realization; that its members were almost all men of education and good position; and that it hoped to succeed by its influence with the army. In all these respects it presented a strong contrast to the society which, under the name of the Nihilists, has attained such formidable proportions during the reign of the present CZAR. This was a purely Socialist organization, its object being to rouse the peasants and the poor generally to a revolt against the nobles and the rich. Although some of the educated classes were at the bottom of the movement, and several persons holding official positions did something to help it, still its main character was that of a revolt of the poor against the rich. The police discovered two centres of its operations—one in Moscow and the other in St. Petersburg. Numerous arrests were made, and severe sentences have been inflicted. But the society is supposed to be still in active operation, and it has been officially stated that at the date of the statement no less than thirty-seven provinces were more or less subject to its influence.

When the Omladina first began to exist is not known; but it was no doubt the offshoot of that new notion in European politics, the right and duty of nationalities to cohere, which has produced so many wonderful changes on the face of the Continent. Half a century ago the United Slavonians must, as their name indicates, have had a feeling that they were to work wherever anything like a common nationality gave them a base of operations, just as the secret societies of Germany and Italy aimed at effecting something for all the divided States of their respective countries. The endeavours of the Emperor NICHOLAS



to establish a protectorate over the Christian provinces of Turkey must also have tended to make the idea of a Slavonic nationality familiar to the Russian mind; and the encouragement given to the literary Association for Pan-slavic Union under the present EMPEROR has no doubt acted in the same direction. But the Omladina is something very different from a society for pushing on the rule of Imperial Russia over new provinces. It is a Republican society. It is as much opposed to the Court as the United Slavonians were. It is the ally of what is known on the Continent as the Revolution. It first showed its activity in the abortive insurrection got up in Herzegovina eight years ago with the aid of Italian sympathizers. Subsequently its headquarters were established at Belgrade and Bucharest, and thence it stirred up the Bosnian and Bulgarian insurrections. At Belgrade its influence was found sufficient to make Prince MILAN declare war even when he was assured that he must not reckon on the active support of the CZAR. Like all secret societies, it works by a machinery through which orders are given step by step from a head centre to small local Committees. In Bulgaria, for example, instructions were given to form local Committees of ten members in the towns, and of four in the villages, it being provided that the priest and the schoolmaster were always to be members of the village Committees. The association of the priests is a point worthy of remark. The Omladina is like the Society of United Slavonians in many respects, besides that of its dependence on the tie of nationality. It is a political society, and it has its adherents in the higher, the official, and the military classes. Again, it is allied to the Nihilists so far as every movement of the European revolutionary party must, when it appeals to the poor, have much in common with Socialism. But it has one feature which was wanting in those organizations. It works with the priests. It offers itself as the friend of the Christians who are groaning under Mussulman oppression. Thus the Liberalism which is the expression of that discontent of a portion of the upper classes which a despotism is sure to engender, the unrest of a people shaken in its old social beliefs and habits by the emancipation of the serfs, the fervour of the priests, whose power in Russia is scarcely less than that of the CZAR, and the general, if vague, desire for an unlimited extension of Russian greatness and influence, all find some sort of expression in the Omladina and help it in its work. What is the future that lies before such a society, which, with many elements of weakness, has also many elements of strength, is a matter of pure speculation. But the possibilities of its action, both now and hereafter, are too evident and too serious for any European statesman to leave them out of account.

#### SPANISH CONSPIRACIES.

THE story of the Spanish conspiracy, as far as it has hitherto been told, involves conflicting improbabilities. It is true that the soil of Spain is fertile in plots, of which one cause may be the custom of excluding minorities from all share of political influence, even when they are not subject to active persecution. Señor ZORRILLA, who is said to have been the chief promoter of the late conspiracy, was not long since Prime Minister, supported by an overwhelming majority of a Cortes which purported to have been constitutionally elected by universal suffrage. For some unknown reason ZORRILLA is now in exile, and, if he desires to resume his civic rights and to recover political power, he might, without deviating from national tradition, enter into intrigues for the purpose with other civil and military malcontents. Nevertheless, until proof is furnished of his treasonable acts, it seems just to suspend an adverse judgment. It is more credible that a military conspiracy may have been formed, though the statement that more than a hundred general officers are involved in the plot is not a little surprising. ZORRILLA was leader of the Progressist or extreme Liberal party, which always supported constitutional monarchy. At one time, during the interregnum which followed the dethronement of ISABELLA, he held office with SAGASTA, who is now at the head of the scanty Parliamentary Opposition. After a time the Moderates and Progressists separated under their respective leaders, who alternately presided over the Government. Though ZORRILLA had taken an active part in promoting the elevation of King AMADEO, he afterwards gave him lukewarm

support. He was Minister when the Italian Prince abdicated, and, on the consequent establishment of the ill-conceived and short-lived Republic, he refused any participation in the new order of things. Señor SALMERON, who is now accused of complicity in the plot, was one of the most respectable of the Republican Ministers, and at that time he had certainly no political connexion with ZORRILLA. It seems doubtful whether CASTELAR is included in the charge of conspiracy. If the Government were in the hands of some of the adventurers who have formerly held supreme power in Spain, it would seem not improbable that the alleged plot was a mere device for the purpose of discrediting political opponents; but Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, though he has often been compelled to yield to unscrupulous allies, has a private and public character to lose which would be gravely compromised by connivance with the inventors of fictitious plots. It is also evident that the throne of which he is the chief supporter is to some extent endangered by the distrust which cannot but attend the revival of a period of conspiracies.

The temporary preponderance and the violence of the Moderate party which now controls the Government have undoubtedly provoked serious and just discontent. The extravagant animosity of the Republicans to the Church becomes intelligible, though not justifiable, in the illustration which it receives from the vindictive intolerance of the dominant party. The Bishop of MINORCA is neither wiser nor more honest than the foolish demagogues who countenanced the rebellion of Carthage before the accession of CASTELAR to office. At that time one of the Ministers declared that he would never use force against insurgents of his own political faith. The persecuting prelate in the same manner excludes from his sympathies all who deviate from the orthodox creed. It is possible that what remains of constitutional liberty may be threatened by the intrigues of the ex-QUEEN and the courtiers who surround her. The KING is still a boy, and it is not known whether he possesses sufficient independence of character to escape from the pernicious influence to which he has been subjected from infancy. There is every reason to believe that his chief adviser dislikes and despises the policy of reaction in which he thinks it necessary for the moment to acquiesce. Less prudent and moderate politicians must have been startled by the recent insolence of the clerical allies who have been diligently courted by the Government. The prelates who lately organized a pilgrimage to Rome allowed or induced their disciples to insult King ALFONSO's Ambassador, on the ground that he had, as the representative of his Government, recognized the King of ITALY. The pilgrims openly professed themselves adherents of Don CARLOS, and they achieved a kind of paradoxical triumph by proving themselves too reactionary and too violent for the POPE himself. The Spanish Government has shown a creditable spirit by prohibiting the Archbishop of GRANADA and his episcopal accomplices from returning at present to Spain. It might have been supposed that the Roman Catholic hierarchy would have been satisfied with the favours which they have received from the present dynasty. Nothing is so likely to alienate the regard of the young KING from the Church as a professed preference of the title of the Pretender to his own.

The story of the conspiracy would have been more intelligible if the supposed promoters had been exclusively generals out of employment. The Carlist war has restored the efficiency of the army, and its virtual supremacy. The Republicans exhibited an instinctive knowledge of their own interests, and a characteristic disregard for the public safety, when they practically disbanded the army. They might have achieved their object of rendering order impossible if the anarchy which they succeeded in producing had not, as a necessary consequence, demanded suppression by military force. The policy of the extreme demagogues resulted immediately in the simultaneous revolt of the Carthage Communists and of the Carlists in the North. CASTELAR, who had assumed dictatorial power by proroguing the Cortes, began the reorganization of the army, and his task was vigorously pursued after the forcible dissolution of the Cortes by SERRANO. The army had once more attained political supremacy when MARTINEZ CAMPOS, then a subordinate general, suddenly proclaimed ALFONSO XII. as King. The army which finally defeated the Carlists was the most numerous and best disciplined which has existed in Spain in modern times. Its chiefs, if they can only agree among themselves, may at their

pleasure exercise either a veto or an initiative voice in all political movements; and it is possible that the era of NARVAEZ, O'DONNELL, and PRIM may be destined to recur. Some of the generals who have not been employed or promoted by the present Government may perhaps hope for another of the political changes which have for many years followed in rapid succession. SERRANO himself, notwithstanding his advanced age, is supposed to be impatient of rest and obscurity after a career in which he has been a Royal favourite, a conspirator, a leader in civil war, a Prime Minister, and a Regent. It is probable that his influence with the army has been partially effaced, while a younger generation has succeeded. Of the present chiefs, MARTINEZ CAMPOS has been most successful in war and in politics, and he is believed to cherish a far-reaching ambition; yet he must be deficient in political foresight if it is true that he is a warm partisan of the QUEEN. Her influence can at the best be only temporary, while there is every reason to believe that, in the absence of gross mismanagement, the young KING will permanently establish his authority with the aid of some of the constitutional parties.

The appointment of MARTINEZ CAMPOS to the government of Cuba, though it seems to require no secondary explanation, is generally attributed to the jealousy of the Ministers, who are supposed to desire the removal of a formidable rival. They are not to be blamed for employing the most active and most determined of their generals to put down, with the aid of a powerful and well-furnished army, the strange rebellion which has so long vegetated in Cuba. Some of the ablest of Spanish generals, including CONCHA and JOVELLAR, have failed to subdue insurgents who have for many years continued the contest without occupying a town or a fortress, or facing the troops of the Government in the field. MARTINEZ CAMPOS is said to be confident of his power to accomplish a task which, but for long experience, would seem to be not impracticable. In addition to the existing garrison of Cuba, he takes with him twenty thousand well-disciplined men, of whom the greater part have served in the civil war. As long as he remains in the colony, his ambition will excite no anxiety on the part of the Ministers; and perhaps they would be easily reconciled to his failure. If he returns to Spain with the credit of having suppressed the rebellion, he may perhaps become almost too powerful for a subject. Military adventurers will probably hereafter avoid the mistake which PRIM and SERRANO committed when they conspired against the Sovereign, instead of contenting themselves, like NARVAEZ and O'DONNELL, with the administration of the government in his name. The Spanish nation has gone the round of political experiments, with the result of finding hereditary and nominally constitutional monarchy the least intolerable form of government. The predominance of military chiefs is only temporary, and they are always threatened by the similar ambition of professional rivals. All the successful conspiracies of modern Spain have borne a military character; nor is it for the interest of civilians to form plots which must depend for success on the agency of generals. The statement that ZORRILLA has proposed an immediate rising against the Government requires strong evidence to make it credible.

#### A ROGUE AND VAGABOND.

THE magistrate at Bow Street has decided that SLADE the medium is a rogue and vagabond, and has sentenced him, as such, to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. There is to be an appeal, and it is of course possible that this decision may be reversed. But, as the evidence stands, Mr. FLOWERS had apparently no alternative but to form the opinion to which he gave effect according to the law. There were, as he said, two questions before him—first, whether the acts charged against SLADE constituted an offence under the Vagrant Act; and, secondly, whether SLADE really did what he was alleged to have done. The Vagrant Act makes it an offence to profess or pretend to tell fortunes, or to use any subtle craft, means, or device, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive and impose on any of HER MAJESTY'S subjects; and the charge against SLADE was that he falsely pretended to procure from the spirits of deceased persons messages written by such spirits upon a slate.

On the first of these points the theory of the defence was that the writing was not done by SLADE himself, and that he did not know how it was done except from the sur-

rounding circumstances of his inquiry into the subject, which, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, led him to believe that they were written in the mode which he explained to the witnesses—that is, by a spirit. Mr. MUNTUN, who appeared for the defendant, said that "he" (Mr. MUNTUN) "did not for a moment pretend that the writing on the slate was the writing of a deceased person"; but "there was abundant evidence of an unmistakable character that this phenomenon of slate-writing was undoubtedly true"—that is, genuine—"in this respect, that it was produced otherwise than by imposture; but what the agency was, he would not pretend to say." He added that the question was not whether the writing was done by a spirit, but "whether it was done by some strange agency which could not be explained, and which was far removed from imposture." Of course, if the writing could have been proved to have come on the slate without any intervention on SLADE's part, the plea might have been so far favourable to the latter, as presenting him in the light of an involuntary accessory in an unaccountable process. But Mr. MUNTUN's theory is completely upset by the facts that SLADE has habitually asserted that the messages are actually written by the hand of his deceased wife "ALLIE," who, he says, promised to communicate with him in this way on her death-bed; and that what is supposed to be a spirit-hand—although, according to Serjeant Cox, it is of a substantial character, "a small hand, seemingly that of a woman, warm, soft, and moist, and as solid and fleshly as my own"—is exhibited as part of the entertainment. Under such circumstances, it is idle to say that SLADE does not profess to employ spiritual agency; for he not only does so in general terms, but specifies the particular agent by name. It may seem strange that a spirit-hand should go about in this way by itself, detached from the body; but, of course, spirits are always very queer. What is still more strange is that the faithful and devoted "ALLIE," hitherto always at her husband's beck and call for the most trivial purposes, should now leave him to his fate without a word of help or sympathy.

As to the second question, whether the charge has been proved against SLADE, there is no doubt room for some difference of opinion. SLADE has not been actually seen to write any of the messages; but the movements which he makes, and, above all, the arbitrary conditions with which he surrounds himself and his refusal to permit all reasonable tests, strongly suggest the suspicion that the writing is done by himself. He certainly has opportunities of doing so; and the handwriting of the supposed spirit has the closest resemblance to his own. Moreover, on the occasion of Professor LANKESTER'S and Dr. DONKIN'S visit, a message was, by a sudden snatch at the slate, discovered to be written on it at a time when SLADE declared that it was perfectly blank, and pretended to be waiting for the sound of the scratching which indicated that the spirit was at work. This does not seem to have been seriously disputed on the part of the defence, and indeed it was suggested in explanation that the spirits are very capricious, and do things in all sorts of ways. There can be no doubt that the experiments are not conducted in an open and honest manner. The conditions under which SLADE says he has discovered that the spirits will alone work are just the conditions under which conjuring tricks may easily be played, under the pretence that they are done by spirits. SLADE will not allow of locked slates, and insists on concealing the side of the slate on which the writing is supposed to be going on. There is no reason to believe that messages are really written by the tiny morsel of slate-pencil, about the size of a small grain of wheat, when the operator himself may have a longer pencil up his sleeve, or a supply of prepared slates ready for an emergency concealed in his clothes, or perhaps inside the table. Various witnesses have been produced who have attended the *séances*, and who affirm that they have not detected any trace of imposture. It is impossible to say what in these cases has really taken place; but the value of such evidence must necessarily depend on the capacity of the witnesses to detect tricks, and on the degree of confidence which may be placed on their impressions. How many of our readers know anybody who ever did succeed in detecting a conjuring trick done by a professional expert? Most of the witnesses in this case seem to have gone into the matter with a more or less matured belief in Spiritualism, and predisposed to see what was promised them. Others were very indifferently provided with



the qualifications for discerning clearly and quickly what was taking place. A well-known man of letters, who, as we gather from the cross-examination, is extremely short-sighted, gave a very confident opinion as to several extraordinary apparitions which he thought he saw, but for which he could not discover any natural cause; and has since admitted that his attention was diverted from the slate by these things—an acknowledgment which, as has been remarked by the *Spectator*, is more creditable to his candour than his observation. Another said he was as sure that the things he saw were done by supernatural agency as of his own existence; but his evidence only amounts to this—that he did not discover any tangible proof of how the things were done. In all these cases prepossession and the distraction of raps, blows, and jumping furniture naturally confuse the senses. Serjeant COX says he saw the spirit-hand, and had leisure to inspect it so that he could describe it. If he wished to know the truth, he should have caught hold of it, as Professor LANKESTER did of the slate, and then the mystery with which he is troubled might have been dissipated. It must be remembered, in balancing the testimony of eye-witnesses for and against SLADE, that this is a question, not of things fairly in view and open to tests, but of appearances produced by causes which are of course disguised and hidden as much as possible; and that, on the one side, there is the merely negative evidence of witnesses who can only say that they did not discover any imposture, and, on the other, the positive evidence of witnesses like Professor LANKESTER and Dr. DONKIN, who are able to say that a message had already been written by some other agency at the time when SLADE declared that it was about to be written by the spirit. The magistrate very properly declined to go into a consideration of Spiritualism generally; and though, in order to prevent any complaint of unfair exclusion of evidence, he admitted a good deal which was irrelevant and worthless, he set it aside in forming his judgment. There can be no doubt that he was perfectly justified in doing so. Nothing could be more monstrous than that a judge should assume the reality of alleged Spiritualist agencies, in wild defiance of the experience of all rational people. The question to which he confined his attention was simply whether the particular incident to which two trustworthy witnesses bore testimony had actually occurred; and on this his decision was given.

Whether or not the decision of the magistrate in this case is sustained by the Court of Appeal, the revelations which have already taken place will, we hope, do good in exposing and unmasking one of the most disgraceful and degrading superstitions of modern times. There are no doubt plenty of fools in the world who are not responsible for the absurdities into which their imbecility leads them; but the class of Spiritualists is composed of mixed elements, and contains a fair proportion of knaves to fools. It should be observed that Spiritualism is to many persons a lucrative profession; to others it is the cheap satisfaction of an idle vanity; and it is deplorable to observe the corrupting effect of this form of humbug on the minds even of professed men of science who have a weakness for attracting attention by sensational expedients. There is no proposition in ordinary science or in any affair of real life which would for a moment be received on such evidence as is adduced for alleged Spiritualist facts. When any real discovery is announced in science, no secret is made of the conditions under which the experiment is performed; discussion is invited, and the fullest opportunities are given to competent persons to test the question independently. In the case of Spiritualist marvels we are asked to believe that a small set of people, usually of dubious character, possess the exclusive command of a mysterious agency which operates in a way that is utterly strange to and inconsistent with all sane human experience. The worst offenders in regard to this subject are not the weak-minded simpletons who are utterly befooled, but persons of education and intelligence who coquet with these extravagances in order to set up a reputation for superior insight, or at least to enjoy notoriety, even if they have no other objects in view. These are the people who stoutly protest that they are not at all Spiritualists, but that they think there may be "something in it." There is also a kind of morbid sentimentalism which likes to flirt with mysterious subjects for the mere sake of a new sensation. Everybody admits that fortune-telling is a low and degrading superstition; but there is really no difference whatever between fortune-telling and Spiritualist feats,

except that the latter are more elaborate in their mechanical illustrations, and appeal to silly people of a higher social grade. If once it were established that public opinion could be formed on such a basis as Spiritualist evidence, there would be simply an end to human reason. Nothing, for instance, can be more melancholy than to see a journal like the *Daily News* arguing that "when any belief, were it that of the Cock Lane Ghost or the stone lion wagging its tail, has succeeded in drawing respectable and intelligent persons to it, it has then acquired a sort of title to be let alone"; and pleading for the admission of "Spiritualism among tolerated beliefs." On the same ground it might be contended that a certain "unfortunate nobleman" now at Dartmoor ought not to have been put on trial, but allowed to go about calling himself "Sir ROGER," and making a living out of the imposture. People are free of course to believe any absurdity they please, but fraud and imposture require to be punished under all circumstances.

#### GEORGE SAND AND GEORGE ELIOT.

COMPARISONS are odious only when they are made with the invidious purpose of giving a higher or a lower degree to talents equal in their supremacy. Where no such design is entertained, there can be no harm in setting the genius of the greatest Frenchwoman who has expressed herself in fiction against that of the greatest Englishwoman of this generation. The points of likeness and of difference in the powers of George Sand and of George Eliot are many, and full of suggestions about the nature and limits of their art. At the least, the attempt to compare the two novelists must bring back to mind many hours of pleasant study, and many old acquaintances who abide within the boundaries of romance. It is well, perhaps, to begin with marking the natural and necessary differences which separate two spirits that have many points of contact. In the first place, there is the difference of race and of national manners. George Sand wrote much which no one can even imagine an Englishwoman to have written; and, if it is a good thing for a novelist to be quite unfettered in choice of subject, she certainly possessed that advantage. No Englishwoman could have published *Lucrèce Floriani*, or *Daniella*, just as no Englishwoman could so far have shaken off the reticence of our race as to have produced *Lélia*. Thus the difference of moral standard in France and England tempted, and almost compelled, Mme. Sand into efforts of "romanticism," into the search for what she calls *bizareries*, which did not really lie in the direct path of the development of her genius. She herself has confessed that it was more fashion than curiosity, powerful as curiosity was with her, that led her into dark paths and places of human nature, better left unexplored. After all, she gained little from this wider range, except the occasional indulgence towards moral aberration which is the least pleasant trait of her genius. The sudden strokes of novelty, the weird effects, that Victor Hugo finds in places seldom visited by the sun, are very rare in her work.

Another point of difference between George Sand and George Eliot was perhaps a drawback to the powers of the author of *Consuelo*. From the moment when she began to write, comparatively early in life, she was chained to the desk. She brought out on an average two novels a year, and no reading and no experience could supply material for such incessant industry. Crop after crop had to be raised off a soil which was never exhausted indeed, but which was cultivated in a very perfunctory way. Mme. Sand's longing for time and leisure to pursue the studies that attracted her in history and science recurs again and again in her Memoirs. But she was obliged actually to "cram" for her historical novels, and *Consuelo* was written from hand to mouth by the author, who was employed in getting up the chronicles of the eighteenth century on one day, and in composing the adventures of her heroine on the next. This rapid manufacture is in strong contrast to the comparatively slow production and elaboration of *Romola* and of *Daniel Deronda* out of rich stores of knowledge. Yet perhaps neither *Consuelo* nor *Romola* strikes the reader as being the natural and almost irrepressible outflow of a mind long acquainted with the distant age and vanished manners of Venice or of Florence. Both lack the spontaneity of *Esmond* and of *Old Mortality*, both are empty of the life which is imparted by a genius that has lived with the men of old times as with familiar friends.

When once the differences of race, of national manners, and of accident are set aside, the resemblances between George Sand and George Eliot come more clearly into view. Both of them "drive at practice," and insist on edifying, so strenuously, that both have been accused of being prosy and didactic. This love of preaching is the result, in George Sand, of an assured and definite doctrine. She maintains, in almost every one of her novels, that half the unhappiness in the world, and most of the mischief, is the result of egotism, of what she calls *personnalité*. It is unnecessary to remark what stress George Eliot lays on the same theme. That the world was not made for Hetty, or for Rosamond, or for Gwendolen, is the constant burden of her sermons. But she expounds her secret, a very

open secret, by a method which is not that of Mme. Sand. That lady's exemplary people, as, for instance, Edmée in *Mauprat*, the heroine of *Malgré tout*, the priggish hero of *La Filleule*, and a dozen other devoted and unselfish men, and more devoted and unselfish women, seem all to have been born good. They have a native horror of selfishness, and an instinctive fury of self-sacrifice. The motive for the self-sacrifice may be slight, or even ridiculous. Thus Sarah in *Malgré tout* actually impairs her fortune to satisfy the extravagant profligacy of her selfish sister's abandoned husband. All these persons of impossible and perhaps undesirable virtue seem to be good by what Aristotle would call *εὐφροία*, the best and noblest gift that a man can possess. They are examples, burning and shining lights, to the little world around them, and to the reader. Occasionally their influence and their love do work a change in the characters which meet them, and another soul is reclaimed from *personnalité*. All this is very different from the manner of George Eliot, who prefers to follow her characters through the hard and even cruel processes by which circumstances impress them with their own unimportance, knock the selfishness out of them, or punish them for retaining it. It is only here and there, in such a character as Dinah, that she presents us with a pure soul after the type of Mme. Sand's women. Or perhaps even Dinah owes too much to religious enthusiasm, too little to nature, and Romola comes nearest to the heroines beloved by Mme. Sand.

Consuelo, Edmée, and many others, then, are pure from the beginning, and do not need to seek after any master in conduct, or to grope after any doctrine. On the other hand, it is a remarkable feature about George Eliot's good women that they are always more or less in search of a master and a rule of life. Dorothea, whose innate gifts of sweetness and charity are equal to those of Consuelo, blunders along under the guidance of Casaubon or of Ladislav. Romola needs Savonarola. Gwendolen cannot get on without a daily sermon from Deronda. Janet's repentance comes after some seeking for spiritual light. Maggy Tulliver is always wandering afield after novelty and satisfaction, and running away, as in her childhood, with this or that tribe of moral and intellectual gipsies. Now Mme. Sand's heroines, after Mme. Sand began to write improving novels, have generally a strong tower of faith in Mme. Sand's own theory of life and of the universe. What searching for truth had to be done she did once for all, and almost in proper person, in *Lélia* and *Spiridon*. Surely no one ever sought the lost piece of silver with so many brilliant torches, or went after the lost sheep with such parade and flourishes of trumpets. But when once the marvellous manuscript of *Spiridon* was unearthed from the sepulchre, George Sand was at ease. If she had not found moral and religious truth, she was perfectly satisfied that she had found it. Her exemplary characters, for the future, lived undisturbed in the light of her own opinions.

Because George Eliot has not succeeded in settling things quite so early, and so easily, her novels are more full of struggle and of melancholy. The ends of her stories do not often leave people in that happy fairland whither Mme. Sand conducts them, to live and love and do good, by the streams of the Vallée Noire. But though her characters are more oppressed in the long run by the austere melancholy produced by the spectacle of life than are those of George Sand, they suffer much less from the domestic tortures which the Frenchwoman described with such refinement. The retrospective jealousy that poisons the happiness of Jacques, the wild, theatrical passions of Horace, of Abel, of Laurence, are almost unknown in the novels of George Eliot. People do not refine so much on love, nor quarrel so much with the form of it entertained by their wives or lovers. There is far less analysis of the meaner sickness of the soul, and of the hypochondria, so to speak, of the heart. The artistic nature is not allowed to hurry its victims into the excesses of George Sand's people; and though George Eliot can tolerate Will Ladislav, it is probable that she would despise Abel, the erratic musician of *Malgré tout*. Perhaps George Eliot comes nearest to George Sand in her portraits of the weak and dishonest men who succeed in making themselves acceptable to women. We may see a likeness between the Raymond of *Indiana* and Arthur Donnithorne, between Tomaseo and Tito Melema. But George Sand is more tolerant in the midst of her contempt than George Eliot, and more disposed to give her weak, sleek young men the character of gentlemen. She could not have borne to admit that Lydgate was "spotted with commonness," and would probably have brought him in triumph out of his difficulties, and married him to Dorothea.

Another matter which the two novelists have in common is love of nature, and power of describing it with complete success. It is probably almost an accident that in George Sand this characteristic is more marked, that she found opportunity to write prose Georgics about the rural life which her contemporary knows almost as well as herself. But in connexion with this rustic life, George Sand's fatal defect shows itself most clearly. She has scarcely any humour of the sort that moves laughter; her clowns are too grave, too good, or too greedy to be witty. Mrs. Poyser is as much out of her sphere as Joseph Andrews; she would have had no patience with Aunt Pullet and Aunt Glegg, and probably, among all the characters of her country-side at Nohant, knew no one at all like Bob Jakin. To be sure, she introduces in *Mauprat* a person whom Mr. Jakin would have called "the biggest rot-catcher anywhere." But he kills rats with a sword, and is more like Don Quixote than a rat-catcher should be. It may be urged that George Sand's clowns are grave for the same reason as Millet's peasants, because their race, their history, and the character of

their scenery and of their toil, depress them. But the defect more probably lies in her own want of humour and in her restless, devouring earnestness. Her rustics dance, and sing indeed, and make love; but they rarely say a good or memorable thing.

It would be easy to pursue the parallel between the two minds much further—to compare, for example, the social views of the creator of Pierre in *Le Compagnon du Tour de France* with the not very dissimilar ones of the creator of Adam Bede. The French and the English carpenters are good types of their class at its best—the one with his exclusive devotion to "the idea," and his improbable refinement, a conqueror of ladies; the other with his gravity and stoic content with "his place" and his work. We might contrast, too, the style of the moralizings of the writers—the English novelist being rather inclined to work a thought too hard, and to run to scientific analogies that do not always yield much light; the Frenchwoman "leaving you with plenty of matter for thought at the end of one of her brief, rich, melancholy sentences." But it is more pleasant to part from them on a ground that they have in common—namely, the tender recollections of childhood, the love of the homely landscape familiar from early years, "the sky with its fitful brightness, the furrowed and grassy fields, the well-remembered bird-notes" of Loamshire or of Berry.

#### FAMILY RECORDS.

IT is a common saying that we live in an age of scribbling, and not of correspondence. Haste, high pressure, post-cards, and the telegraph have put an end to double letters from Northamptonshire. Whether there may be exceptions to this rule, and whether the twentieth century will ever be gratified by the perusal of animated pages describing the customs or illustrating the political changes of the nineteenth, is a question which our great-grandchildren may solve. But it is quite certain that a collection of old family epistles, written without any view of publication, with amplitude of detail and without reserve, can be far more delightful reading than the Laureate's latest ode or Mr. Trollope's last novel. To ensure this, the period described should not be too distant, but be separated from us by a barrier which can be bridged over by a very slight effort of the imagination; and it has recently been our good fortune to peruse a remarkable collection of domestic correspondence on which we are sure Lord Macaulay or the late Lord Stanhope would have largely drawn. We shall give no inkling of the locality they describe, or of the persons of whose lives they form so excellent a picture. The reader may imagine the scene to be Baresethire or Thackeray's Mangelwurzelshire, if he likes. But we think it necessary to state, in order to prevent misapprehension, that they describe the country life of a family of fair fortune and good repute, which is still flourishing, and which was closely connected in the days that we shall try to reproduce with two personages of eminence in politics and law. The correspondence ranges from the close of the seventeenth to nearly the close of the eighteenth century, and we can safely say that it is scarcely possible to overestimate the care, diligence, judgment, and method with which these papers, confused and long hidden in oaken chests and behind unsuspected panels, have been classified and arranged. But it is impossible within our limits to do more than touch on a few points which show what manner of lives our country forefathers led in a period which witnessed the literary ascendancy of Pope and Johnson, the last serious Jacobite rising, the achievements of Pitt, and the eloquence of Fox and Burke. The letters themselves are all written in a clear, legible hand, acquired by painstaking in an age when letter-writing was a business, postage dear, and information valuable. The hurry of the nineteenth century had not then taught ladies to fill scented notes with nothings in a villanous hand, and the calligraphy of the male sex was not yet spoilt by taking endless notes with the view of undergoing a series of rigid examinations. The details are of all kinds—political, social, agricultural, and domestic.

We shall begin with the first. A correspondent from Westminster writes to his friend in the country, on the death of Queen Mary, January 5, 1694, saying that it was not fit to mention the fact before the Government thought fit to publish it. The House was "in supply, to raise five millions from tonnage, poundage, coal, and other sources." "To-morrow every person of note in the Town will be in mourning for the Queen, which has made black cloath rise from 18/ to 30/ a yard." In 1720 we hear of South Sea Stock declining from 198 to 160, 155, and 140, and it is "no matter of wonder if stock should fall to 100, or under." Nor was it; though this may prove but a poor consolation to Turkish bondholders of our day. In 1738 an offer of shares in some mines is mingled with congratulations on the birth of a prince, "who was given to us yesterday, and I hope may long continue amongst us." This Royal baby, it may be necessary to remind some readers, lived to be King George III. In the same year, "Last Thursday's paper told you that the Duke of M. (Montagu?) had kissed the King's hand for a Regiment, for Mrs. Maynard had gone into the King's closet and had seen the ceremony." But this gratifying intelligence was clouded by fears of a war with Spain, and then "French and Dutch trade would run away with our trade to old Spain." It was also thought that we should have 10,000 more seamen voted in the year, from which Mr. Ward Hunt may possibly derive some comfort when the Navy Estimates next come on. Few



persons can ever be tired of hearing anecdotes of the Forty-five, the last occasion when a hostile army was seen on English ground, and the block set up on Tower Hill. An alarmist writes in a hurry, and "would not purchase all the honours and riches of the world by undergoing such another day and night. The rebels will be at York on Monday. All faces gathered blackness, and people ran about the streets, crying 'We are ruined.' Every coach in York had to carry the women out of present danger. I had a share with a family of a coach and waggon for Hull, and so over the Humber; but am still here, for rebels were come as far as Rochdale for to plunder and get horses, and were turned back to Manchester." General Oglethorpe's foot came in, and were still coming, and a few horse, and "we do expect part of Wade's to-morrow. Twenty coaches and six went out yesterday, seven or eight people in each. We have clapped a physician into the castle who has been in the Pretender's camp. We always say he is a fool who hangs himself, and he is said to have confessed more than he need." Then we learn that about the same time Miss Jenny Cameron, "mentioned in the papers as a lady of spirit and gallantry," had been taken by the King's troops. The Government could not raise money. People would insist on four and a half per cent., which was a "great detriment to proprietors of present funds." Trade was clogged, and there was "no money to be got but a little silver." In 1749 we come on electioneering matters, and the writer offers to bet whether Westminster Bridge or the Westminster election would be first finished. The Duke of Bedford's friends were called the Capulets, and the Montagues defeated them by fifty on the Bedford Road Bill. But this annoying intelligence was explained by the fact that the Scotch members were affronted because their letters from these same Capulets were directed to them at the British Coffee House, one and all, as if, said these irascible Northcountrymen, "they were vagabonds and had no certain habitation." In 1754 we hear that the University of Oxford was mad against Pitt and Nugent. The former, in the debate about the forces, abused the University "for a nest of Jacobites, saying he was there this summer when a lady in his company was singing at a tavern 'God Save great George our King,' and a whole heap of gowndmen stood publicly in the street and joined in chorus, putting in James!" Some thirty years later, or in 1784, an angry gentleman complains that he was surrounded by taxes and commutations not relished by the public, and plagued with revenue laws which "no man living can understand." "The rage for Parliamentary reforms shows that half the nation are fools." And the nonsense of the Parson of — and the timidity of the judges prompts the quotation "Homines ex stultis prorsus insanos facit," and "retro sublapsa referri spes Britonum." The acidity of these remarks may be attributable to the fact that the writer had just lost his seat in the House. Another member of the family, in the same year, had nearly lost his election owing to a fit of the gout, but had been brought in at the head of the poll, if he did not get turned out on petition. The "Coalition troops" were terribly slaughtered, so that the present Ministry "will ride triumphant in the new Parliament." We wish we had room for a capital account of the battle of Dettingen, from Sir R. Wolff, in which we are told at length how the King (George II.) harangued the troops before the engagement, and how he rode from one battalion to another, and was for eleven hours on horseback; how General Clayton was killed and the Duke of Cumberland shot through the leg; and how the "Blew Horse Guards" were "terribly mauled," and so were Hawley's and Bland's regiments.

But we must pass to matters less notorious, though possibly more interesting. In 1755, as now, alterations were being made in the Law Courts. A new building was in preparation to receive the records out of the old building. The corner of St. Margaret's Lane, in Palace Yard, called *Hell*, was to be pulled down in order to widen that passage. A worthy country gentleman complains that the authorities had appointed "one Hugh Muckleston, an old, infirm, decrepit, blind old man to be chief constable" of a certain hundred. He was past seventy, and consequently quite incapable of performing the office. However, being appointed "of malice and spite," he was willing to serve; the writer, with exquisite satire, begging that the bearer of the letter might be sworn in a deputy. Then we have a request that the addressee "will pay Green for three general evening posts a week." In 1740 the Thames was frozen, and "the streets were very bad"—which might be said of them more than a century and a quarter afterwards—and journeys would be confined to the "King's Head"; which means, we apprehend, that the taverns would be crowded. Prices and their differences always come home to the British householder, and so it is interesting to know that a house is offered for sale for the sum of 200*l.* or even less; it had, we learn, many convenient appurtenances; a malt-kiln, cistern, a good spring or well, a brew-house, a tann, besides barns, stables, and a garden, and a large court, where two or three coaches-and-six may be turned, besides other conveniences. To put up ten bells in a country town, six gentlemen contributed about ninety guineas, the most liberal giving fifty and the lowest three. At the close of the seventeenth century we have a bill for the schooling of a gentleman's son, which from May 21st of one year to November 21st of the next, or eighteen months, amounted to only 22*l.* 10*s.*, exclusive of 10*l.* for clothes and shoes, and the sum of eightpence for "Tully's Offices." A gentleman expresses his willingness to stand for the office of "Controller of the bowling-green," and so is nominated. We regret that we have found no notices of cricket or other games; but allusions to

sport are occasionally met with. A correspondent breaks out in verse to a certain new comer in the county who did not shoot:—

Their sports you scorn—  
No yelling hounds, nor inharmonious horn.

This person's advent was contrasted, with that of the rich squire, king of the dogs, who spoilt the poor farmer's crop. The object of the poetical letter was further described as remarkable for universal charity and love, and coming down on the country folk of the time, like the lady in *Comus*, to oppose a "mad rout of Bacchanals." A lady informs her brother "that his setting dogs were in good order"; and a confidential steward writes "that since your Honor had left, four coaches full of gentlemen have been to see the hall, and eighteen loads of meadow hay have been successfully got in." The master, on the other hand, gives the following judicious directions to this faithful guardian. The house was not to be crowded, nor to have too many people about. When the workmen had finished their work they might be called in to drink a quart of beer; and the same hospitality might be extended to neighbours or tenants, who could be further comforted with bread and cheese. If ringers should happen to call, "acquaint me, but don't put the thing into their heads." The letter ends with an intimation that the new gear of the horses was not to be worn out on this new job, which was to cost six and sixpence a day, the men paying their own expenses; and that the calf was to be sent to the best market.

Notices of the locomotion of our great-grandfathers ought to have special interest for this rapid and discursive generation. And we are fortunate in having a very distinct programme of a journey across country from one side of England to the other. It was necessary to give change of air to a young lady who had just recovered from the smallpox. This disease, by the way, seems to have been looked on at that time as something natural and inevitable, like falling leaves in November or sleet and wind in March. The distance to be travelled over was just one hundred and sixteen miles, and it was neatly calculated that by way of Derby and Nottingham it might be got over in four days. The month was June. A one-horse chair, drawn by "Rocket," was to take the convalescent and Elder Betty Thomas. But "Treen" might be in attendance, riding by the side of the chair, and the same person was directed to leave the vehicle and harness at — and ride back to —. We doubt not that this journey was accomplished in safety; but it is equally clear that greater rapidity was occasionally attained; for this very same distance was accomplished about the same time by two gentlemen in thirty hours, or between one P.M. on Thursday and seven the next evening. In the middle of the century we find another friend of the family accomplishing seventy-two miles in one day, though the road "for twenty miles on this side of Coventry was very bad." A gentleman following on horseback was witness to a collision between a waggon and his friend's coach, near Stony Stratford, the heavy vehicle cutting the coach's quarters, and the waggoner shouting, "Why don't you follow our resolution, and make them repeal the Act as they did the Jew Bill?" The gentlemen seem to have got off without any hurt; but a young woman was run over and only lived an hour, an "honest jury" afterwards finding a verdict of "accidental death." Such amusements as music, masquerades, and private theatricals were not infrequent. A lady informs her brother that she had done a rash thing in bespeaking a harpsichord, as her instructor said that she would never make progress on the spinet. At a masquerade given by "the Ambassador," Lord Delaware's fine figure was conspicuous. Lady Coventry—one of the Gunning's, we apprehend—wore the dress of a Grecian noble, while Lady Rockingham figured as a sultana, and Lady Petersham as a stage queen. But the above, we grieve to record, were all outshone by Mrs. Franks, Mrs. Boheme, and Mrs. Tompson "of the City." At a great house in the West of England Garrick was a spectator of the performance, by amateurs, whose names are given, of the *Merchant of Venice* and the *Mayor of Garratt*. We must hope that it was not on this occasion that the great actor made his celebrated and Johnsonian reply to the question as to which amateurs he liked best—"The prompter, sir; for he was least seen and best heard." The characters in the farce which followed Shakspeare's play were Major Sturgeon, Sir Jacob Jollop, Bruin, Heeltap, and Jerry Sneak. A young gentleman is taken to see a play at which half a hundred of his country neighbours were present, and clapped his hands so heartily at "the scene between the footman and the maid" as to draw all eyes upon him. The piece was *The Conscious Lover*, and it was acted for the benefit of a dancing-master. On another occasion this same young gentleman addresses his father as "Honoured Sir," and informs him that he had been to *Barbarossa* and the *Rehearsal*, and had been much entertained. If we remember rightly, it was this latter piece that was characterized by Dr. Johnson, first in plain English, and then in Johnsonese:—"Sir, it has not wit enough to keep it sweet"; and, after a pause, "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction."

There are also notices of other members of the family, young and old. A boy at Eton hopes that his father will take *Montem* on his way; he has had lessons in fencing regularly, and greatly approves of planting the gravel-pit. The said gravel-pit, once unsightly, we may mention, is now concealed from sight by beautiful beech-trees more than ninety years old. One old lady in her eighty-eighth year, though very deaf, still retained her faculties; and in 1746 could discourse in high spirits about the villany of the Jacobites and the Popish creed, which she

remembered "better than most things." Then there are all sorts of domestic incidents; congratulations on marriages and on births, for which bumpers were to be drunk, and hogsheads of strong beer broached; apologies for writing "a sad scrawl," which to the young ladies of this day would be a model of calligraphy; an excuse for a dull letter in the tolling of a "doleful bell which has quite vapoured me"; directions for mourning by which one grandson was to wear a grey suit of clothing with black buttons, and two younger children only black silk sashes and a little black ribbon about their heads; a mention of Macklin the player, who had set up an oratory, which was crowded, although "he has no ability"; a refusal from a high dignitary to promise livings before they were vacant; a grand sale of East Indian goods to the amount of 264,000*l.*; the dismay of some relation, who, going to Scarborough with brother Frank and sister Dorothy, found the place so full that they had the greatest difficulty in getting lodgings; an offer to rent a mill for 200*l.*, which the owner did not think enough; the loss of a favourite servant whom the master defines as "my right hand, my Prime Minister, my Sir R. Walpole"; the purchase of some tapestry; a scrape into which Jack Somebody had got himself, and which was to be ended by a *nolle prosequi*; a promise of Mr. B.'s "small interest" for Mr. M.'s election; the discovery of a certain Mayor at election time in what his opponents said was a highly disreputable place; the intrigues of the servants of his late Highness (clearly, by the date 1752, the father of George III.) at Leicester House; the improvement of the age shown by the addition of doors to cottages which had till then been without them; a request for an ounce of polyanthus seeds and a few anemone and ranunculus roots; a card of invitation from a person very high in office, asking his relative to dine at the late and fashionable hour of a quarter past four on Saturday; a request by a lady for the key of the bath, which indisputably shows that our great-grandmothers did occasionally wash themselves; a printed command given to the gardener to turn out disorderly persons, and not to allow them to pull flowers or meddle with shrubs; the payment to Gainsborough of 63*l.* for an excellent family portrait; an intimation from a peer to his nephew at Eton that his uncle did not want to hear of the battles of others, if the lad only acted bravely himself; and a letter from Madras, begging the addressee to accept of some excellent mango *atchar* (pickles) and a Japan screen, in return for four rundles of ale and a noble elixir that had passed two extractions of the Torrid Zone, or, as we interpret it, that had defied the virulence of two Indian hot seasons.

We must stop here. Those who do not care to know how their ancestors thought and dressed, looked and acted, married and died, may probably be little cared for by their descendants in their turn. Those who do, if they ever come across a collection one quarter as charming and complete as that from which we have made these extracts, will find therein something to raise their opinion of a period of our social history which we are somewhat apt to identify with deadness of religious belief and coarseness of national habits, with Squire Western and Tony Lumpkin, with Parson Trulliber and Clumpetty Cuddy of Crayfoot Fen.

#### OLD ROME AND NEW.

THERE is one phase of the "Eastern Question" which has as yet perhaps presented itself to but few even of the thinkers, and to still fewer among the talkers, about such matters. Given a state of things in which the Turk has gone out of Constantinople and the Russian has not come in, is the City to be Greek or Bulgarian? Is the ruler of the New Rome to be the heir of Basil or the heir of Samuel? To many people the question may very likely seem to be pedantic. To those who know the past and the present of those lands, and who from the past and present look forward to the future, is one which will be eminently practical sooner or later. Like most other questions, its roots lie a great deal deeper than is likely to be understood by those who simply take up the question of the day because it is the question of the day, and whose form of taking it up is simply to repeat conventional formulae about it. That such a question should come about involves the whole story of the likenesses and unlikenesses between the history of the Old Rome and that of the New. It could hardly have come about had the degree of likeness between the two histories been either much greater or much less. Had the most eastern among the three great peninsulas of southern Europe run exactly the same course as the central one, the New Rome would have been as indisputably Greek as the Old Rome is indisputably Italian. That is to say, it would have been so if the position of the Slaves in the East had been exactly the same as that of the Teutons in the West; or, again, it might have been so if the analogy between Slave and Teuton had never presented itself at all; that is, if the Slave had played no part at all in the Eastern peninsula. In either of these cases the New Rome might still have been, as she has been, the prey of the Frank or the Turk; she could hardly have been, as she has been, threatened by nations who had derived their religion and civilization from herself. In this last respect the Slaves hold the same position towards the Eastern Empire which the Teutons hold towards the West. And the gradual manner in which the two races severally made their way into the respective Empires has many striking analogies. But the two cases differ in some great and manifest points. As a rule, the Teutons who entered the Empire became sooner or later Romanized; it was only in the march-land immediately west of the Rhine and immediately south of the Danube that the Teutonic settlers within

the Empire remained Teutonic. The Frank, the Burgundian, the Lombard, have all given their names to Romance-speaking lands. In the East it is otherwise; there the Slavonic settlers in the Empire have, as a rule, not become Greek. They founded Slavonic powers which, though they were largely influenced by the Empire, still remained Slavonic. The analogy with the West would be perfect only if modern Serbia and modern Bulgaria spoke different forms of Greek, as modern France and modern Lombardy speak different forms of Latin. Here then, among much likeness, is a strong point of unlikeness. In the Western case the difference between modern Lombardy and modern Rome is merely the difference between two provinces of the same kingdom. Even the difference between modern Italy and modern France, though amounting to a strongly marked national distinction, is nothing like so wide as the distinction between modern Greece and modern Serbia. Greece and Serbia have a common faith, a common enemy, in some respects a common history; but they have no such tie of kindred speech as that which groups all the Latin-speaking nations together as a single well-marked branch of the European family.

What then are the causes of this difference in a case where there is so much of really strong analogy? Why did not Serbia and Bulgaria become, if not as Lombardy, at least as Gaul or Spain? A good many causes joined to bring about the difference. First of all, the Greek tongue did not really hold the same place in Eastern Europe which Latin did in the West. Because the Eastern Empire became afterwards practically a Greek state, because it became nearly coextensive with the Greek-speaking lands in Europe and Asia, we are apt to fancy that it was a Greek power from the beginning. When the Teutons entered the Western Empire, they found a state of things which was wholly Latin; when the Slaves entered the Eastern Empire, they found a state of things which was not wholly Greek, but partly Greek and partly Latin. Greek was the language of literature and theology; in all the maritime lands and great cities it was the language of ordinary life; but for purposes of law and warfare, the Emperor of the Romans and his subjects knew no tongue but the tongue of the Old Rome. There is every reason to believe that in a large part of the Eastern peninsula the old native tongues survived, while in another large part they had been supplanted, not by Greek, but by Latin. It is so to this day. The old Illyrian tongue still lives in Albania, Orthodox, Catholic, and Mussulman; the tongue of Old Rome survives among the people who still cling to the Roman name, and who, be it remembered, are by no means confined to the land now known as Roumania, but spread far southward into Epeiros and Thessaly. The probability is that the lands which now form Serbia (in the widest sense), Albania, and Bulgaria, never were Greek-speaking lands at all, except in a few towns on the coast. When the Slaves came in the sixth century, they must have found Latin and Illyrian the prevailing languages; everywhere north of the line to which old Greek and Macedonian settlement had reached. The Roman rule had done something to Latinize those regions; it had done nothing—there was no reason why it should do anything—to Hellenize them. The Slaves in the East found no such unity of influence as the Teutons found in the West. The Eastern Empire did not present to its conquerors and disciples an unbroken aspect, either Greek or Latin, such as the unbroken Latin aspect which the West presented to its conquerors and disciples. Hence, though the influence of the Eastern Empire on the Slaves was deep and lasting, it was not to be compared to the influence of the Western Empire on the Teutons. It did not, except in some special regions under special circumstances, lead them to cast away their own tongue for either Latin or Greek. This gave to the Slavonic conquest of Illyricum and Moesia a character in many respects different from the Teutonic conquests of Gaul, Spain, and Italy. In the latter there can have been but little displacement, and the assimilation was an assimilation of the conquerors to the conquered. But the process which made so large a part of the Eastern peninsula thoroughly Slavonic must have involved either displacement or assimilation, most likely both, on a gigantic scale.

Secondly, there were differences of another kind between the influence exercised by the Old Rome and the influence exercised by the New. The influence of the Old Rome had long since ceased to be the influence of a local city. Rome was everywhere. Milan and Ravenna, even Trier and York, were, as seats of Imperial dominion, no less Roman than Rome herself. Rome had become a name, a monument, in some sort a centre, presently a place of pilgrimage; but she had ceased to be a ruling city. Her local being had been swallowed up in the vastness of her dominion and her influence. For two centuries Rome was ruled by the deputy of her own Emperor, a deputy who represented at Ravenna the majesty of Constantinople. Then she had Emperors and Kings of her own; but she was their crowning-place only, not their dwelling-place. She remained, not the capital of any actual dominion, but the source and centre of a mysterious traditional power, till, after the episode of Papal rule, she has in our own day abdicated all claim to ecumenical rank by becoming the capital of a local kingdom. She remained, in short, a mighty name, a venerable shadow, while her political and military importance passed away to the cities and lands which she had colonized. The New Rome, on the other hand, has had a moral influence, deep indeed and lasting, but not for a moment to be compared to that of the Old. But, on the other hand, the local influence of the New Rome has surpassed that of the Old a thousandfold. Her power rested, not on mighty names and venerable memories, but on that matchless position which made her the queen of nations, the centre of two worlds.



Whether her master has been Roman, Frank, Greek, or Turk, she has ever been, she ever must be, the Imperial city, not only in name and rank, but in living and local power. The Old Rome was willingly forsaken by her princes for other seats of dominion. No master of the New Rome, of whatever race, has placed his seat of dominion elsewhere; none, save once in a moment of terror, once in a moment of caprice, has even thought of doing so. Heraclius thought for a moment of moving his throne to Carthage; the second Constans thought of moving it to the Old Rome. But the change was merely thought of; it was never made.

The New Rome, since she became the New Rome, has never had, she never can have, a real rival in her own peninsula. This position has made her possession the object of struggles in every age, in a way that the Old Rome was not. Not counting domestic revolutions, she has been threatened by the first Slaves, by Avars, Saracens, Bulgarians, Russians, Servians. She has been taken by the Frank, won back by the Greek, taken again by the Turk. In all these struggles it has been the local city itself which has been the main object, because it was felt that the local city itself was fixed as the eternal seat of dominion. Twice she has remained an Empire shrunk up into a city, abiding as a seat of dominion within her own walls, while all around her walls was lost. Under the first Palæologus she was the last spot of the recovered empire to be won from the Frank; under the last Palæologus she was the last spot of continuous empire to be lost to the Turk. But this inherent strength and greatness of the local city has hindered her from exercising the same kind of influence which was exercised by the Old Rome. The Old Rome could turn distant nations into Romans; the New Rome has invited the assaults of every nation, but her conquerors have not changed their own nationality for hers. The Frank in Constantinople remained a Frank; the Turk remains a Turk; the very greatness of the city, a greatness so inherent in herself, has actually hindered the growth of the nations of which she was the natural centre. Had Bulgarian Samuel entered her at the beginning of the eleventh century, had Servian Stephen entered her in the fourteenth century, Mahomet the Conqueror might not have entered her in the fifteenth. Under Samuel, under Stephen, a great national power was dominant in the Eastern peninsula. It was dominant only for a moment, because it was a body without a head. The head was equally without a body. Had the head and the body been joined together, their united strength might have been too much for the Turkish invader. As it was, he found a body without a head, a head without a body. He could thus swallow each in its turn; but the head, true to its destiny, remained to be swallowed last.

From all this it follows that, when the Old Rome was last set free, there could be no question about her fate. Nature and history alike had made her part of Italy; but it was only history, and not nature, a combination of sentiment and prudence, which made her the head of Italy. She became the head of Italy, not because her position made her best suited for the purpose, but because Italian feeling could endure no other head. But in the Eastern peninsula history and nature combine to make Constantinople the only head; no other seat of rule is possible; but it is not in the same way clear who is the natural ruler. Set her free from the stranger, and there is no single nation waiting to receive her as Italy was waiting to receive Rome. Let her remain Turkish; let her become Greek; let her become Slave; in none of these cases is she the head of a single nation, occupying the whole region of which she is geographically the natural head. The Greek claims her by origin and by long possession, a possession which has in some sort gone on both under Frankish and under Turkish rule. The Slave in some form, the Bulgarian as her nearest neighbour among Slaves, claims her as the natural head of a region of whose population he forms the greatest part. Here then is a question which some day will be practical. The history of the Old and of the New Rome forms a strange contrast; the city of Romulus conquered the world, and, in conquering the world, it so spread itself over the world as to lose its own local being, and to be in the end restored to local being by a mixture of sentiment and policy. The city of Constantine has stood as the mark of many invaders, the prize of a few; but, under all changes, she has kept her local strength, her local greatness; she has been ever the head, even if she has been sometimes a head without a body. Chalkedon was called the city of the blind, because its founders passed by the then unoccupied site of Byzantium. It might almost seem as if the quicker-sighted men who came after them were too quick-sighted. It is hardly possible to conceive the Byzantine peninsula without Byzantium; but let us dream for a moment. It was the strength of the New Rome which kept out the Saracen for ever, which kept out the Turk for so long. But, had it been otherwise, the East might have settled down, before Turk or Slavon had showed himself, into a system of national kingdoms, Slavonic, in the sense in which the kingdoms of Western Europe were Teutonic. This, however, is mere dreaming; but the fact that Constantinople has been, and is, and ever must be, the head of South-Eastern Europe, is a practical fact which stares us in the face. And while this fact may, with those who look below the surface, awaken some fears which do not lie on the surface, it may, on the other hand, allay some fears which do. Constantinople can never be the mere head of a province; it must be the head of an empire. But it does not follow that it can now be the seat of a universal empire. Its annexation by a distant power might not improbably lead to the dismemberment of the power that annexed it.

#### THE ART OF DECEPTION.

ONE of the most singular inconsistencies to be observed in everyday life is found in the different manner in which the habit of deception is regarded according to the age and position of those who practise it. Children, as soon as they become capable of distinguishing right and wrong, are taught to look upon deceit as one of the worst sins that can be committed. Boys at school are not only taught the beauty of truth by their masters, but, in a certain rough fashion, reverence it among themselves. A boy, for instance, who parades ostentatiously to his master an assumed steadiness of principle and submissiveness of demeanour is very soon branded with the odious title of sneak. On the other hand, occasions arise in schoolboy life when, by sticking to a deliberate falsehood, a boy may gain for himself the reputation of a hero among his fellows. This, however, is a detail of the curious system of schoolboy morality, the unwritten laws of which might afford an interesting matter for study. Girls, it would seem, are by nature more inclined to untruthfulness than boys; but this inclination is really very often the result of moral cowardice, a defect which it may be said is as common to boys and men as to girls and women. But in the one case there are deterrent influences, absent in the other, which often lead to the attempt at overcoming, or at any rate concealing, this fault. A boy who has invented a story to save himself from a scrape, and is found out, is generally made to feel in some tangible way that he has been guilty of a gross blunder, if not of a crime. He becomes conscious that his conduct has gained him nothing but a punishment and the scorn of the community. With girls the matter is somewhat different; some form of punishment may be inflicted, but the sense of having done a shameful thing is less frequently and less strongly inculcated. A girl who has been detected in a falsehood may be teased on the subject by her companions, but she will not be shunned and despised. Thus she is very likely to learn early in life the great maxim that it is not crime but detection that one ought to avoid. Among a certain class of grown-up women there is little more disgrace attached to untruthfulness than among girls; and this, it must be said, is to a great extent the fault of men, who so diligently assure women that they are by nature untruthful that it is small wonder if they end by believing the assertion and acting upon it. It also occurs that certain women who have cultivated a love for truth become disgusted at the general weakness of their sex in this respect, and fly in consequence to the opposite extreme. They judge it necessary to employ some striking means for convincing the world that they are not as other women are, and that whatever they say is trustworthy, and they therefore affect an irritating sharpness of manner and an uncomfortable habit of saying the most disagreeable things they can. In order to avoid flattery, they overwhelm one with bitter criticism. Perhaps they are, however, more tolerable, inasmuch as they at least act from principle, than the women of the world who are accomplished in the art of deception, and employ all its resources to wound any one against whom they have a grudge. Their words are to those of the woman who flaunts her truthfulness in one's face as the bite of a snake to the chance blow of a bludgeon. Both, however, may be said to be results, in opposite directions, of the same system. The most dangerous woman probably in the matter of untruth is she who, with a frank manner, a pleasant smile, and the honest appearance of lago, will look you full in the face and tell you what she knows to be a deliberate lie. And such people are commoner than may be generally supposed, inasmuch as the fallacy that a person skilled in the art of deception cannot look others in the face is still very generally entertained, although it has been often enough exposed.

Among men the practice of falsehood is perhaps not more rare than among women; but it is apt to take a less harmful form. There are many women who are known to devote themselves to the propagation of untruths, or, what are more dangerous, half-truths, and who suffer very little in social estimation or position. But a man, and there are of course many such, who spends his time in circulating malicious reports, in collecting the raw gossip of clubs, decking and adorning it after his own fashion, and sending it out again in a complete and finished form, is likely to get little by his pains but contempt, except, indeed, among a circle of scandalous old women, who are always ready to welcome him. The men who lie with success, if so hard a name as lying ought to be given to their practices, are those who have some resemblance to Corneille's *Menteur*, who are led away by force of imagination, and also by a certain feeling for artistic effect. These men are most usually found amongst Irishmen, and their method was pretty accurately hit off by a late Judge, who observed that Irish witnesses could never be trusted. "But, my lord," said one of the counsel, "your lordship's father was Irish." "Yes," was the answer; "I meant that they had a picturesque round-about way of putting things. They are all very eloquent." These people begin to tell you a story, and as they go on some detail which would be valuable in completing its effect suggests itself to them. The impression that it ought to have happened is so strong that it at last develops into a belief that it did happen; and, as one detail after another rises in this way into the narrator's mind, a gorgeous structure is raised where at first there was only the intention of laying down a brick. And, as the habit gains upon the man who falls into it, it may no doubt happen that he arrives at building up his towering stories of fancy without any foundation of fact. We remember one professor of the art of deception of this kind who had carried his

system to something near perfection. He excelled all his rivals by virtue of never making a mistake. He had different sets of visions wherewith to dazzle his different sets of friends. To literary men he always appeared in the character of a man who combined scholarship with vast worldly knowledge, and would flash before their eyes his intimate acquaintance with distinguished military officers, well-known men of fashion, and so on. At an army mess, on the other hand, he was full of stories of what this or that great novelist or poet had said to him in confidence. And, whether by instinct or practice, or a combination of both, he was never known to tell the wrong kind of story to the wrong person.

This is, after all, only the carrying out in mature life of the tendency to invention not rarely found in children, who, especially those who have no companions of their own age, are very apt to live in an imaginary world where they enjoy countless honours and dignities. How far it is desirable to check this tendency must always be something of a puzzle to parents and guardians. By rebuking the child who spends hours in fashioning a tale of wonderful events, and becomes so fascinated by the working of his fancy that he cannot but think it real, they may possibly be checking the faculty that would have made its possessor a poet, a painter, or a musician. On the other hand, if the child's imagination is allowed to run riot as much as it pleases, a habit of complete disregard for truth may be engendered of which the consequences are most disastrous. But it may of course only grow into the skilful practice of that judicious art of humbug which is invaluable to any one bent on making his way in the world. The pleasant manner which indicates that its possessor has a greater regard for the person to whom he is speaking than for any one else in the world is an acquirement that may be of great use. Only it must be employed judiciously. The person who practises it should be able to discern at a glance whether his interlocutor is likely to resent this appearance of intense sympathy as humbug, or to accept it as a tribute to his own powers of fascination. There are people to whom this peculiar manner is natural, and in whom it probably springs from real kindness; and there are others who deliberately acquire it, and use it with a definite purpose, and it is perhaps rather hard upon good-natured people with a naturally agreeable manner that they should be constantly confounded with professors of humbug. In excuse for these last it might be remembered that pleasant manners are by no means such a drug in the social market that they ought to be rejected without very strong reasons.

Perhaps, of all forms of deception, self-deception is the most dangerous, as it may be the most successful. A man who deceives himself, if he does it thoroughly, will find it easy to make others believe in him. It may always be matter for wonder to those who live with him and know him well how far he carries his self-deception, whether he deliberately imagines himself to be what he is not, and to have what he has not, or whether he lives in a dream out of which he takes care never to wake; but this will not interfere with his success in imposing his own view of his attributes upon outside personages. There are some people whose habit it is to tell long and romantic stories about themselves, who will regulate their actions day after day as if these stories were realities, and who, when some well-meaning but officious friend tries to undeceive them by pointing out the falseness of their hopes and indeed of their lives, will only look upon him as a jealous enemy, and add to their self-deception another prop to support it. One's first thought about such self-deceivers as these is that one day their fall must indeed be great; but one may be disappointed, agreeably or not, by finding that when one thought they were digging pits for themselves, they were in truth raising steps to greatness. And at any rate one thing is tolerably certain, that if a man has not some strong belief in himself, which he may or may not express on every possible occasion to other men, he will find it difficult to convince the general public of a merit in which he has no personal trust.

#### THE DISPUTE IN THE COTTON TRADE.

A CONTEST of a very severe and disastrous kind appears to be impending at the present moment in connexion with the chief industry of Lancashire. The cotton trade, though sound in its foundations, is just now suffering from the general depression of the markets. There has been a great deal of over-production, and it is difficult in these bad times to find an outlet for the stock on hand. By and by the state of business will, no doubt, improve; but in the meantime manufacturers are unquestionably much embarrassed by their position. It is hardly credible that such a moment should have been chosen by the workpeople for beginning an agitation for an advance of wages. Yet so it is. For some time past there have been various local strikes of operatives in the cotton mills, and this has since developed into a general movement. Some weeks ago the Secretary of the Operative Spinners' Society of North and North-East Lancashire addressed a circular to the employers of the district stating that, owing to the unsatisfactory state of the wages question, through bad material being worked, old machinery, and other causes, the men at a large number of mills were unable to earn wages sufficient to maintain themselves and families; and that the Society felt bound to give notice that after the 1st of November they would no longer be bound by the standard lists of prices now in operation in these districts. The employers were naturally irritated by the apparently arrogant and defiant tone of this message,

and flatly refused to treat on the conditions proposed, on the ground that they would, if acceded to, give the operatives' Unions a control over the rate of wages in the district, and involve an advance which the manufacturers could not afford. They also decided that, if the men persisted in their demands, they would give one month's notice to close their mills on the 23rd of November. This announcement seems rather to have startled the operatives, and they began to think they had gone a little too far. It may be gathered from the speeches made at the men's meetings that the Secretary of the Northern Society had decidedly gone beyond the limit of his formal instructions, though his letter really expressed the views of the class whom he represented. He had shown a want of tact in putting the demands of the operatives too strongly in the first instance, and had allowed himself to be drawn into a statement of detailed objections to the standard list of prices which invested the movement with a very revolutionary aspect in the eyes of employers, and provoked the uncompromising attitude which they at once assumed. Accordingly he was much blamed by the men for going beyond the general assertion that they were entitled to a rate of wages such as they deemed sufficient for their maintenance. Among other things there was a question of "coarse counts" which he had started, as to which it was evidently the feeling of the men that it would have been much better to have let it alone, as it had conveyed an impression of the extent of their designs which had naturally alarmed the employers. Accordingly the result of a meeting of operatives on October 22 was that they offered entirely to withdraw the notice previously sent to the millowners, on condition that the latter would withdraw their resolution of a general lock-out, and meet the operatives in a joint Committee to take into consideration the inequalities of the present standard of prices, where it is not applicable in cases of an inferior class of cotton. The Operative Spinners' Society at the same time also repudiated any jurisdiction over the local Societies, and left them and the General Association in Manchester to act as they pleased.

The Employers' Committee have replied that, when circumstances indicate that permanently better relations with the operatives are to be gained by a meeting, they will be happy to join in it; but that they regard the apparent concessions of the men as practically valueless, inasmuch as the operatives only propose to withdraw their notice as a matter of form and on untenable conditions. It is also remarked that the employers are perfectly aware that the policy of the operatives is to raise the rate of wages all round by strikes at separate mills. On these grounds, the Committee urge all employers to enforce the lock-out already agreed upon, and this resolution seems to be very generally acted upon. Notices have been issued to a great number of men; and unless some arrangement can be arrived at in the interval before the 23rd inst., they will presumably be enforced, throwing out of employment some seventy or eighty thousand workpeople. There can be no doubt that, especially at such a period as the present, this is a very sad state of affairs. The general condition of the cotton trade is bad enough in itself under the influence of external and internal depression, without employers and workmen endeavouring to increase the difficulties which surround it by a struggle at home. It is probable that, if the men had in the first instance couched their demand in a milder and more conciliatory form, the employers might have been disposed to consider a revision of the list of prices on certain conditions. It may readily be believed that there is some ground for the complaints of the operatives, and that there are inequalities or irregularities of payment which might be adjusted to the advantage both of masters and men. Still it is obviously a blunder of the gravest kind to complicate a question of this kind with an agitation for an advance of wages at a time when the trade is in such a low condition; and the employers can hardly be blamed for taking alarm, for, though the operatives may regret that there has been such an unguarded disclosure of their intentions, there can be no doubt as to what they are aiming at. Nor is their assault on the masters altogether so foolish as it may at first sight appear. It is true that just now employers are in anything but flourishing circumstances, and are consequently obliged to economize as much as they can. But it is just this kind of embarrassment which gives the operatives a hold on the weaker sections of employers. There are always people in every trade who are going on from hand to mouth, and who cannot afford to forego current receipts, however much the balance may ultimately be against them. It is on such firms that the operatives play at a time like the present; they think they can squeeze terms from them in detail, and so work up the general scale of prices. It may be observed that strikes seldom occur in good times, because then both sides are doing well, and are in a pleasant temper. It is when business is going down that disputes occur, and it is the shaky houses that are first attacked. In the present instance the operatives are right in thinking that there is an opportunity for pressure; but, even if they succeeded for the moment, they would suffer in the long run. The tactics of Trade-Unions are now too well known to take employers by surprise, and when a series of strikes breaks out, and is observed to be gradually extending over the ground, there is always a lock-out impending. It is natural that such a measure as denying employment to men who are willing and anxious to work should be regarded with suspicion and disfavour; but, after all, the employers must protect themselves in the only way they can against separate attacks carried on by combined resources. It would appear that the more moderate and intelligent class of



operatives are quite aware of the mistake which is made in pushing employers to extremities at a time of distress; but they are helpless in the hands of those who pull the wires of the Trade-Unions, and who are always on the look-out for an agitation which will bring them to the front, and gratify their ambition to distinguish themselves. It is unfortunate, both for themselves and the country, that the working classes should, as a rule, be so exclusively in the leading-strings of people who use them only for their own interests and continually get them into trouble. Beside the professional staff of secretaries and delegates, there is a class of politicians who are always ready to toady the working-man and flatter his vanity and delusions for the sake of votes, but who are afraid of damaging their popularity by giving a word of advice which, though it might be in season, would at the moment rub against the grain. It is a curious, and perhaps significant, circumstance that sympathy with the working-man scarcely ever takes the form of giving him good advice, but is almost invariably directed to make him discontented with his position and to excite bitterness against his employers. Anybody who possessed the confidence of the operative class, and had their interests honestly at heart, could not do better at the present moment than point out the mistake which they will make if they persist in trying to take a position by storm which they may be able to step into quietly if they only have patience. Probably the cotton operatives do not read the *Times*, and therefore will not see, if it is not pointed out to them, an article in that journal showing, from annual statistics, the inherent soundness of the cotton trade, and its remarkable elasticity and power of recovery after difficulties. Notwithstanding foreign competition, which is by no means such a myth as ignorant or time-serving Trade-Union delegates pretend, the supply of cotton goods to the world is still almost monopolized by this country; and at this moment England has thirty-nine millions of spindles to set against twenty-nine millions, about the whole stock of other nations. There is no English trade which exists under more encouraging conditions, if discreetly managed, than that in cotton goods. The home consumption amounts to nearly 46,000,000 lbs.; and the foreign sale also keeps up wonderfully, considering the general depression of markets in almost all parts of the world. It is too likely that operatives who may happen to come across this piece of news will at once conclude that it is only another proof of their right to have a larger share in the profits of such an industry. In their ignorance they fancy that their mechanical labour is the most essential element in the trade, that they are the bees who work, and employers only the drones who consume the honey. Here would be an opening for a little friendly counsel, if there is any friend who really wishes to serve them. He would point out that, though the roots of the cotton trade were sound, and that it kept up wonderfully well amid all its troubles, which will probably not last much longer, it is at the present moment in a position in which capitalists have to sacrifice a considerable proportion of their accustomed profits in order to keep it going. We are not at all disposed to draw a fancy picture of this class of the community, and to suggest that they never have any motives but those of a lofty patriotism and a noble unselfishness. They are very like other people, and it would not be difficult to compile a list of shortcomings on their part. They are not, as a body, so uniformly impressed by a sense of the value of keeping up a reputation for honest wares as could be desired; and no doubt some of them are disposed to be rather hard on their hands. Still it is by their exertions that the trade is kept up under all its difficulties; and it is obviously a bad way of conciliating employers to attack and embarrass them at a period when they have plenty of other troubles to occupy them. It is calculated that, if the operatives in their blindness adhere to their present policy, two million spindles will be stopped, and sixteen thousand people thrown out of work in Preston and its neighbourhood alone. There was, twelve years ago, another great lock-out, brought about by strikes, at Preston; and it is said that the district has never quite recovered from the disastrous consequences which then befell it. This warning ought to inspire caution in those who will inevitably be the chief sufferers if the activity of the trade is interrupted; and it is also to be hoped that employers will have the good sense not to reject any sincere and reasonable offer of conciliation.

#### A CAMPAIGN BIOGRAPHY.

WE have before us a sketch of the "Life and Character of R. B. Hayes," which is a rather favourable specimen of a characteristic variety of American literature. The interest produced by a Presidential election suggests, naturally enough, the advantage of gratifying it by biographies of the candidates. If an English statesman wished to know what his countrymen think of him, his best plan would be to repeat the device said to have been practised by Lord Brougham, and to spread a report of his own death. The next morning's issue of the daily press would satisfy his curiosity—agreeably or otherwise. In America the same kind of anticipation of posthumous fame is enjoyed by the candidate for the Presidency. There is the difference, however, that in the latter case the portrait is sure to be painted in the very strongest colours, either flattering or the reverse, according to circumstances. We have often to regret the prevalence of that mental disease called

by Macaulay the *lues Boswelliana*. But the excessive adulation characteristic of biographers of the dead is naturally exceeded by biographers whose subject is not only living and moving before their eyes, but has, by the very nature of the task, to be represented as the legitimate object of national enthusiasm. Rutherford Birchard Hayes, the present Republican candidate, is a gentleman against whose private character there can be nothing to be said; for his antagonists have said nothing. As a public man, however, he does not seem to enjoy so wide a reputation even in his own country as a candidate for the highest office of State ought to possess. The task of remedying this defect has been entrusted to Mr. William D. Howells, one of the best known of the younger American writers, and the author of some really graceful poems and stories. It may be worth while to see what Mr. Howells has to say for a gentleman whose name was entirely unknown in England until his nomination by the Republican Convention. Should he be elected, we may have reasons for wishing to know something of his character.

Mr. Howells's little book is sufficiently well done in a literary sense. It is simple and to the point. If it fails to convince us that Mr. Hayes is the ideal candidate, the fault must lie with the subject rather than the author of the biography. Mr. Howells indeed is under more than one obvious difficulty. The relation between the candidate and his biographer is rather delicate. Mr. Howells informs us that the book is entirely his own enterprise, and "nowise adopted or patronized" by his hero. He immediately adds, however, that he has been allowed to make unrestricted use of letters, diaries, note-books, and scrap-books of Mr. Hayes. Mr. Hayes, that is, seems to have given Mr. Howells the keys of his cabinet, and allowed him to ransack his private papers, and take from them everything suitable for the purpose of the book. Mr. Howells claims to have been guided by his "sense of fitness," and his "respect for the just limits of personality," in making use of this privilege; nor do we dispute the justice of his claim. We suspect, however, that it will be some time before Lord Beaconsfield, for example, if forced to appeal to the country, will give an intelligent journalist the free run of all his private papers, with leave to publish at discretion. Perhaps in such a case the results would be rather more exciting than in that of Mr. Hayes, who has not been as yet initiated into deep secrets of State policy, and whose character is commended by his friends chiefly for its simplicity and homeliness. If their estimate be correct, he is a man of thorough honesty of purpose, a plain, straightforward citizen; one of those sober, sensible, God-fearing persons who have to be taken from following the plough to be invested with the power of the State, and who, if they may be praised for keeping out of the dirty bypaths of politics, cannot claim to have been hitherto leaders of men and of thought. He is to realize Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," who

would not stoop, nor lie in wait,  
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;  
Whom these must follow, on whose head must fall,  
Like showers of manna, if they come at all.

The fact that there is little to be said of a man proves that he may be such a person, but by no means proves that he must be. Now Mr. Hayes's friends have to describe him rather too frequently by negatives. Mr. Howells quotes a sketch of his personal appearance, in which we are informed that he is a model man, because he is "not too large nor too small, nor too tall nor too short, nor too fat nor too lean, nor too old nor too young." We find from another authority that he has evidently no taste for music, because his eyes are close together; that he has not the hooked nose of the Cæsars, but "the complex formation which marks the stronger type of the Anglo-Saxon"—a phrase which, as illustrated by a portrait on the cover, seems to mean that his nose is an admirably average nose; and, finally, that his "lower face" is "symmetrical, strong, and reassuring"—where it can be seen; in the portrait it is completely covered by a thick beard. Why did not his admirers insist upon a razor? On the whole, we fear that the verdict of physiognomists must be neutral.

It would, however, be unfair to say that this respectable neutrality of tint is all that can be inferred from the biography. Mr. Hayes's career has been sufficiently distinguished to show that he possesses some sterling qualities. As is the case with so many other Americans, his ancestors on both sides narrowly missed coming over in the *Mayflower*. One of his paternal ancestors emigrated in 1682 and a maternal ancestor in 1663. They and their descendants seem to have been sturdy New England Puritans of the normal type, and in spite of the ascetic principles of her creed, his grandmother had a fine taste for worsted-work, which she carefully pushed under a bed to rest from Saturday to Monday. This incongruous love of art under difficulties has been transmitted to her descendants, who have gratified their propensities with less restriction. Our present hero, however, conformed to a more common type of American ambition. He went to a Western college, and afterwards became a law student at Harvard, where he attended the lectures of Judge Story, made careful notes, set down admirable resolutions in his diary, and read Emerson, Hawthorne, Thackeray, Dickens, and Bulwer. He also dipped into *Tristram Shandy*, and preferred *Don Quixote* to *Gil Blas*—a sound, but not strikingly original, judgment. He seems, however, to have had some real taste for literature, though he gradually became absorbed in law and politics. His great feat as a lawyer was the defence of the famous Nancy Farrer. Poor Nancy, whose name is

rather obscure upon this side of the Atlantic, was induced by a villain to poison two families. She admitted the fact, and her face was repulsively plain and brutal. Mr. Hayes, however, defended her on the ground of insanity, and established, it is said, an important precedent in regard to the legal questions involved. At any rate he gained reputation, became a successful lawyer, appeared in a good many fugitive slave cases, and took a part on the Abolitionist side in the political agitations which preceded the war.

When the war broke out, Mr. Hayes was modest enough to refuse a colonelcy; but he became major in a regiment which was sent into the field after six weeks' drilling. He rose in the course of the war to be a brigadier-general. He did a great deal of fighting, being four times wounded, and being under fire (as we are told with the American love of statistics) on sixty days between May and October 1864. Various anecdotes illustrate his courage and devotion. If, like other volunteer officers, he remained in a subordinate position, he seems to have discharged all the duties which fell to his share in a creditable manner, and he had the good fortune, owing to the sphere of his duties, which was chiefly in Western Virginia, to be only once involved in a defeat. His chief exploit was his share in running down Morgan on the famous raid through Ohio in 1863. Mr. Hayes had no chance of rivalling the military glory of Grant or Sherman; but he seems to have been amongst the best of those ready-made soldiers who went straight from lawyers' offices to the command of regiments. He confesses frankly to his uncomfortable feeling when first asked for orders by a West Point captain, to whom he judiciously replied that there was nothing out of the usual routine; but four years of pretty steady fighting seem to have trained him to be at least a very competent regimental officer.

Mr. Hayes's services at the head of an Ohio regiment naturally recommended him to his own State. He was twice sent to Congress, where he always voted and never talked; he has been thrice Governor of his State, in spite, on the last two occasions, of his own wish for retirement, and has reduced the debt and promoted general economy and reform. As a prominent Republican, strongly in favour of hard money, secular education, the rights of the negroes, and Civil Service reform, he has now received the nomination for the Presidency. Of the various questions at issue, the most interesting to English observers is probably that of Civil Service reform. Here we are told that Mr. Hayes is specially sound. When Governor of Ohio, he was asked to turn out the State librarian as a democrat in favour of a worthy and competent Republican. He refused, on the ground that the present incumbent was a "faithful painstaking old gentleman, with a family of invalid girls dependent on him." Moreover, he was habitually courteous and popular with all who used the library. For these excellent reasons the Governor declined to turn the poor old man out. Nobody will deny that he did right; but one would be inclined to hope that such an act of leniency is not regarded in America as a superhuman display of virtue.

To these facts we may add that Mr. Hayes is not first-rate on the stump; indeed we are told that one of his speeches is almost "as helpless as the utterance of some able, slow-lingued Englishman." On the other hand, he has a systematic mode of collecting newspaper cuttings which enables him to come down with tremendous effect upon politicians who have ventured to change their principles in hopes of oblivion as to their previous career. In short, if not brilliant, he is solid, and sensible, and businesslike; and, in conclusion, he is a man of property, owing to the bequest of an uncle, and an excellent father of a family. The electors will decide in a very short time whether these qualifications are sufficient for a President of the United States. In spite of Mr. Howells's enthusiasm, we should scarcely say that they prove his hero to be a great man; but we gladly admit that they certainly seem to prove that he is a man of good sense, honesty, and consistency; and encourage the hope that he will at least aim, with whatever success, at redeeming some of the most conspicuous evils of the political state of the country.

#### WINE-COLOURING IN FRANCE.

THE Franco-German War has had one very unexpected consequence, which curiously illustrates in what strange ways the morals, the health, and the social habits of a people may be affected by the policy of their Government. When the National Assembly found itself undisputed master of France, it discovered that it would have to raise a revenue about half as large again as the greatest which the late Emperor had ventured to levy in his most extravagant days. But it shrank from adding to the burdens of the peasantry, and especially it was frightened by the proposal of an Income-tax. There was no alternative, then, but to increase the indirect taxes; and accordingly the Assembly augmented inordinately the duties on articles of consumption. More particularly, it raised the duties on wines so much as to cause a very considerable increase in the retail prices. At the same time most of the large towns augmented the *octroi* duties. Nowhere was this carried so far as in Paris, where the consumption of wine is so much greater than elsewhere. For Paris was weighted not only with the extraordinary expenditure of the siege and the Commune, but also by that of Baron Haussmann's great works. This was a new reason for raising the price of wine. But the public found itself far less able to buy

expensive wines than in the flourishing times of the Empire. The war and the Commune had left almost every one poorer than they found them. And the various causes which during the past three years have depressed trade throughout the world also made themselves felt in France. Still, people who had been accustomed to place before their guests choice Champagnes, Burgundies, and Bordeaux, did not willingly confess that they could now afford only inferior vintages. Thus there arose a demand for cheap wines which should look like costly ones. Trade is wonderfully accommodating; and the demand was speedily supplied. There are always enterprising business men, with more cleverness than scruples or capital, who are constantly on the watch for a new public want; and these sharp-witted gentlemen quickly brought out the article that was needed. At first their proceedings were cautious; but during the past twelve months they have thrown off all affectation of secrecy, and have carried on their illicit industry in the face of day, and on a vast scale. Several colouring matters—fuchsine, rosaniline, phytolacca, and many others—were discovered or invented to give to the vile compounds made up any tint that might be required, and cause them to look like the choicest wines. These colouring substances were publicly advertised, travelling agents pressed them upon wine-growers, and large factories were employed in manufacturing spurious wines. At last the respectable members of the wine trade got fairly alarmed, and were aroused to action. Those of Paris seem to have led the way. The Syndicate of wine merchants of that city presented a memorial to the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, in which, after setting out the facts, they declared that the traffic "is assuming proportions truly disquieting from the point of view of the reputation and the future of the French wine trade, as well as of the public health and the public morals"; and they concluded with a prayer that he would communicate with the Minister of Justice, and cause the scandalous traffic to be suppressed. Memorials to the same effect instantly began to pour in from every part of the country, and some of the Syndicates soon adopted more energetic measures. Thus the Syndicate of Béziers issued a notice to the wine-growers of their district, warning them that the employment of colouring substances was illegal, and notifying that the officers of the Syndicate had received instructions to obtain samples in every quarter, and to prosecute any one found practising adulteration.

On their side those who practised the adulteration were neither inactive nor dismayed, and their case was taken up by a section of the press and by theorists anxious to limit State action at any cost. All these contended that colouring is morally no worse than other practices recognized and permitted by the law and notoriously sanctioned by the trade. For example, it was said that time out of mind weak wine has been "fortified" by the addition of spirits, and over strong wine has been diluted by water. Yet these proceedings are allowed by law. Further, it was said, the mixing of wine is carried on notoriously on a very large scale, and is not interfered with. Common cheap wines are blended together in certain proportions, and are then sold as the produce of famous vineyards. What is this, it was asked, but a fraud? and why is it not stopped, if colouring is to be punished? At Certe, everybody knows, Madeira is manufactured from the juice of grapes grown in the neighbourhood; and nobody needs to be told that the quantity of Champagne, Bordeaux, and Burgundy consumed greatly exceeds what is grown in the districts from which these names are derived. The public was asked to believe, therefore, that the only difference between the imposition practised on them in these cases and in colouring is that the one is old and the other new. There is in reality, however, this important difference, that some at any rate of the colouring substances are poisonous. Possibly several are not; but experiments on dogs and rabbits have demonstrated the poisonous character of fuchsine at least; and as for the allegation that the proportion in which the substances are employed renders them harmless, it is not easy to believe that the administration of a slow poison can ever be innocuous. But, even if we were to admit that the manufacture of Madeira at Certe is as indefensible as colouring, that is no argument for permitting the latter practice. Two wrongs do not make a right. Here the adulterators and those who are opposed to the employment of the criminal law against them step in, and say that the Government must necessarily fail in putting down the practice. It has grown up in obedience to a public demand, and the public will have rich-looking wines at a low price. Besides, frauds of this kind are too common to be checked. A Paris wine merchant lately bought five hundred hogsheds of a cheap wine and sent them to Bordeaux. There he bought two hundred more, and then brought back the whole seven hundred and sold them as a choice *crû*. This is only one instance out of a multitude which are perfectly well known, but never punished. This argument, however, proves too much. For if laws are of no use unless they are never infringed, our whole criminal code is worthless. We are all obliged to admit that murders, robberies, and frauds often escape detection and punishment. Yet still we hang murderers and imprison thieves when we can convict them. Surely it is the business of a Government to compel obedience to its laws to the utmost of its power, not to complain that it is no use legislating, for the legislation cannot be enforced. In the last place, the opponents of interference contended that it is no part of the duty of Government to regulate the wine trade. In one sense that may be freely admitted. But it is not, properly speaking, regulation of the trade which the several Syndicates of wine merchants asked for. What they demanded was that a practice which is admitted



to be carried on on a vast scale, which all concede to be morally indefensible, and which, to some extent at least, is proved to be deleterious to health, shall be put down. That is no more regulation of trade than is the law of embezzlement. Such, too, is the opinion of the French Government. For M. Dufaure, in his capacity of Minister of Justice, has just issued a circular to the *procureurs-généraux* in which he instructs them rigorously to put down the practice.

M. Dufaure begins by stating that the "falsification" of wine is beyond all doubt a crime. But the falsification by mixing, whether the object be to produce a better article than either of the wines unmixed, or to imitate foreign growths, is not contrary to law, provided the purchaser knows what he is buying. It is only, therefore, where deception has been practised that wine-mixing is to be prevented. It is different with colouring. That is an offence in any case, even when the substance employed is proved to be perfectly harmless. Consequently, prosecutions are to be instituted not only against the colourers, but against the bonders and retailers of the adulterated liquor. At the same time, the *procureurs-généraux* are warned that the law applies only to wines meant to be sold, and that an intention to adulterate must be proved. So far the circular will carry with it the approval of all reasonable people. But now we come to instructions which are capable of being so acted upon as to work much injustice and even oppression. "In numerous journals, articles, and pamphlets," writes M. Dufaure, "the artificial colouring of wine is preached as a practice perfectly legitimate. It is the subject of widely scattered prospectuses and advertisements. Those who in a definite case induce others to colour wine, or furnish instructions for doing so, are to be prosecuted as accomplices." If the intention of M. Dufaure is scrupulously carried out, there is perfect justice in the rule here laid down. Unquestionably those who procure a criminal act to be committed ought to be punished as well as those whom they seduce. But the reference to "journals, articles, and pamphlets" is ominous. French legal officials are only too ready to find occasion for restricting the liberty of the press; and it is possible that zealous public prosecutors may see in legitimate discussion an incitement to commit crime, especially if the paper in which the discussion is found is politically opposed to the functionary. M. Dufaure himself can hardly have wished to limit discussion, although during his tenure of the office of Minister of Justice he has shown himself ready enough to impose shackles on the press. But other Ministers may succeed to power less honest than himself, and then this circular may be used to harass, if not to crush, political opponents. It was to be desired on this account that M. Dufaure had been more careful to warn his subordinates that discussion was not to be interfered with, but only attempts to delude the ignorant to purchase and use colouring matters by representing to them that the practice is permitted by law.

#### RACING AT NEWMARKET.

THE members of the Jockey Club set to work in good earnest in the Houghton week to consider the revised rules of racing; but at the outset of their deliberations a point of order threatened to stop them. It appears that under the existing rules of racing, which, it must be remembered, are still in force, no new rule can be passed, and no old rule can be repealed, unless notice of the alteration has been previously given three times in the *Racing Calendar*. The new code which the Committee of the Jockey Club laid on the table a month ago had been duly notified in the *Calendar*; but the various amendments that have been proposed had not been similarly advertised in the official record of racing. In fact, there had not been time to publish the three notices required by racing law; for the majority of the amendments were only drawn up during the interval between the Second October and Houghton meetings. All that the Club could do, therefore, last week was to discuss the resolutions and amendments before them, and then appoint a meeting to be held later in the year, at which their decisions can be ratified, and by which time the requisite notices can have been given. But, although the final settlement of the new code is thus postponed as a matter of form, it is tolerably easy to infer from the discussions and divisions which took place last week the shape it will ultimately assume. The conservative element in the Club is strong enough to thwart any measures of radical reform; and, when the new code of racing law is promulgated, it will be found that the abuses of racing have been touched with a tender hand. One reform, indeed, of real value we may anticipate with some confidence; for last week the members of the Jockey Club were equally divided on the proposal to raise the minimum weight in handicaps from 5 st. 7 lbs. to 6 st.; and the Chairman declined to avail himself of his privilege of the casting vote. The division, however, was a practical condemnation of the existing law; and it is probable that at the next meeting of the Club the advocates of its alteration will be able to muster some additional votes on their side. On the question of the registration of assumed names, the most unaccountable vacillation prevailed. First of all, Admiral Rous carried by a majority of four a motion to retain the present registration fee of ten guineas. Then Mr. Chaplin moved to abolish the practice altogether, and secured, we are glad to find, eleven votes in favour of so desirable a reform. Lastly, Lord Hardwicke proposed to make the registration fee twenty-five guineas; and a majority of sixteen, upsetting their previous

decision in favour of ten guineas, accepted this amendment. The inference to be drawn from this hesitating and uncertain course of action is that there is a strong feeling in the Jockey Club against the use of fictitious names, and a strong wish to discourage the practice, but that the courage necessary to give effect to this feeling is wanting. If the question is worth dealing with at all, it is surely better to act decisively one way or the other than to apply tinkering remedies. The addition of fifteen guineas to the present fee will not be of the slightest consequence to persons who prefer, either for good or for bad reasons, to keep their connexion with the Turf a secret. Lord Rosslyn's elaborate amendments to the 24th rule of racing, by which the death of the subscriber renders all his nominations void, were withdrawn, the meeting being of opinion that they could not be successfully worked; but Lord Hartington suggested that, if the French rule of prepayment for engagements were adopted, it might be possible to arrange for a transfer of nominations. The point is not one of the first importance; but if the law could be rendered somewhat more elastic, the occasional annoyance of the disqualification of perhaps the best horse in a great race would be prevented. On the whole, though the new rules of racing will very likely be more clearly expressed and more intelligible than the old, and though some attempt will be made to exercise a more efficient control over minor race meetings, we fear that the labours of the Jockey Club will hardly bear that substantial fruit which was at one time anticipated.

The general racing of the Houghton week was unusually successful, the overnight races being well patronized, and large fields coming to the post for the Nurseries and minor handicaps of the meeting. The only exception was on the Saturday, when both the Consolation and Winding-up Handicaps ended in a dead failure. Of one hundred and seventeen horses weighted for the former only six came to the post, and of eighty-nine weighted for the latter not a single one put in an appearance. In the Winding-up Handicap Rosebery was weighted at 10 st. 10 lbs., and was called upon to give 26 lbs. to Springfield and La Coureuse and 31 lbs. to Lowlander over the Rowley Mile. From first to last the weights were distributed with equal eccentricity. Fortunately, the appetites of racegoers had been satiated by five consecutive days of good sport, and what happened on the sixth was regarded with comparative indifference. Even the Houghton Handicap only brought out a dozen runners; but there was no race during the week in which it was more difficult to find the winner. Timour and Hazeldean were there to fight their Great Eastern battle over again, and the disgraced Cambridgeshire favourite, Cat's-Eye, as well as Ecossais, Kaleidoscope, Brigg Boy, and Vril, were included in the field. Though leniently weighted, the winner of the Great Eastern Handicap stood no chance on this occasion with the turned-loose Cat's-Eye, who made the whole of the running and won in a canter, while Brigg Boy, according to the now established custom of his stable, beat his companion Timour, with equal ease. The T.Y.C. is one of the easiest courses at Newmarket—far easier, of course, than the Cambridgeshire mile and a quarter—and Cat's-Eye, instead of losing half a dozen lengths start, as in the great race, obtained an advantage at the outset of which he was never afterwards deprived. There was no particular merit, however, in the performance, and the victory of the son of Speculum was but a poor compensation for his defeat in the Cambridgeshire. Ecossais was chopped at the start for the Houghton Handicap; but three days before he had carried 10 st. in the Stand Handicap, and had won in a canter from Ambergris, Caramel, Pensacola, Brigg Boy, and Allumette, over the last five furlongs of the Rowley Mile. This was a brilliant performance, and over his own distance Ecossais is now almost an undisputed champion. Beyond five furlongs he cannot go; but for that short distance he is as invincible as in the opening days of his two-year-old career. He can also carry great weights, which some of his speedy rivals find not altogether to their taste. In the Free Handicap Sweepstakes for three-year-olds, Springfield was leniently treated with 7 st. 12 lbs., and having only Gavarni, Advance, and Sailor to beat, the race ought to have been nothing more than a canter for him. There was a slight doubt, however, whether he would not find the mile and a quarter a little too much for him; but in such moderate company there was not much fear of his staying powers being severely tried, and the superior stride of Mr. Houldsworth's grand-looking horse brought him in an easy winner. After many vain attempts, the American stable succeeded in carrying off a small race with Bay Final, who, after running a dead-heat with Broadside, won the decider by half a length. As Broadside was giving away a year and 6 lbs., and is himself a horse of only moderate pretensions, the victory does not say much for the form of Bay Final; and, indeed, none of Mr. Sanford's string seem able to compete with the better class of English thoroughbreds. Every one was pleased, however, at the enterprise of the American sportsman being rewarded, though only with so small a prize as the Dallingham Handicap. The Ancaster Welter Handicap resulted in a close finish between Lina, Ironstone, and Cataclysm, the French mare winning ultimately by a neck. The good fight made by Cataclysm, who was only receiving 6 lbs. from Lina, seems to prove that Lord Falmouth's mare ought to have shown to more advantage in the Cesarewitch.

The Houghton week was not rich in weight-for-age races. Old Caramel, the reclaimed hurdle racer, distinguished herself in the Trial Stakes by beating Hesper in a canter, and in the All-Aged Stakes Lowlander experienced yet another defeat—this time from

Trappist, who jumped off with the lead, and never gave the son of Dalesman a chance. This was a striking contrast to the running at Doncaster, when Trappist could never get near Lowlander, and the increasingly perceptible shiftiness of the famous chestnut cannot fail to depreciate his value in the market. Only six started for the Jockey Club Cup—Craig Millar, Hopbloom, John Day, and Claremont representing the English, and Braconnier and Nougat the French interest. It seems curious that Hopbloom, after having been unable to stay the Cesarewitch course, and after having been so nearly successful over the Cambridgeshire mile, should have been again trusted to compass two miles and a quarter against a known stayer like Nougat; but it was probably thought that too much use had been made of him in the Cesarewitch, and that in F. Archer's hands he would give a very different account of himself. Horses cannot be expected, however, to distinguish themselves over long and short courses at one and the same time, and Hopbloom could not get much nearer to John Day at the finish than he did in the Cesarewitch. Craig Millar, whose Doncaster Cup victory can have been due only to the badness of the pace, made a most wretched exhibition of himself, was hopelessly beaten a quarter of a mile from home, and came in the absolute last. Nougat also was held safe by John Day as they came down the Abingdon hill; but Mr. Baltazzi's horse could never get on terms with Braconnier, who had held the lead from the first, and who won easily by a length. Count Lagrange had declared to win with Nougat, but his declarations have been unfortunate of late, for the least fancied of his candidates has invariably won. This is not more remarkable, however, than the mistakes which have been made during the last two months by the managers of Hopbloom's stable—mistakes which, commencing at Doncaster, have been continued without intermission up to the very last day of the Houghton Meeting. Owners and trainers have had the repeated annoyance of seeing their trials upset, and the worse prove himself the better horse. On public form Braconnier could not have been held the superior to Nougat at weight for age; but there have been several surprises this season, and we ought not to be astonished because a French horse does what several English horses have done of late, and improves at about the rate of a stone a month.

Whatever falling off there was in weight-for-age races was amply made up by the number and interest of the two-year-old contests. Large fields of fifteen and eighteen started for the Nurseries, and Rylstone distinguished herself by winning the New Nursery from such good public performers as Il Gladiatore, Pirat, and Dunkenny, and by only losing the Bretby Nursery, in equally good company, by a head. The speedy Crann Tair, with all her weight of 9 st., was thought good enough to win the Nursery Handicap over the easy last half of the Abingdon mile; but she has perhaps had as much racing this season as she cares for, and Beauharnais beat her stable companion, Covenanter, in a canter, the loser, as usual, being a better favourite than the winner. The gigantic Thunderstone had no difficulty in disposing of Monachus for the Home-bred Sweepstakes; and in the Troy Stakes The Rover ran so badly in moderate company as to rob the leaders in the Middle Park Plate, in which he was well up at the finish, of some of their prestige. The Criterion Stakes and the Dewhurst Plate were of course the greatest two-year-old events of the week, and both these prizes were secured by French horses. The best of the English division in the Criterion field was the colt by Buccaneer out of Voltella, who is, however, much inferior to his stable companion Plunger; while the French were represented by Verneuil, to whose performances and promising appearance we have more than once called attention, and Jongleur. This pair ran a good race home, and Jongleur, who was giving 4 lbs., won cleverly by half a length. Though the field for the Dewhurst Plate included Winchelsea, King Clovis, and the high-priced Polydorus, the race was looked on as a match between Chamant, 9 st. 5 lbs., and Plunger, 8 st. 13 lbs. Chamant was giving Plunger 2 lbs. more than in the Middle Park Plate, and, as it was generally held that that race would have been won by Mr. Baltazzi's colt had he not met with a disappointment in the last hundred yards, Plunger started the better favourite of the two. Public form, however, was for once in a way confirmed, and Chamant, staying better than his antagonist, beat him a second time, and more easily than the first; while Winchelsea finished a bad third. The last two meetings at Newmarket have been a series of triumphs for the French horses, and that grand horse Mortemer has proved himself one of the most successful sires of the day. English sportsmen have ample matter for regret in the expatriation of those fine mares Araucaria and Regalia, the former the dam of Chamant, the latter of Verneuil and Lina. Instead of grumbling at the good luck of French breeders, it would be better for English supporters of racing to imitate the example set to them by our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, and to breed only from sound sires and the most approved mares; and, above all, not to send their best mares out of the country. There is a childish petulance in threatening to exclude French horses from any of our great races because our French pupils bid fair to beat their English masters in the art of breeding, rearing, and training thoroughbreds. We can still comfort ourselves with the thought that their Gladiateurs and their Mortemers would do little in this country if there were not English jockeys to steer them to victory.

## REVIEWS.

## LIFE OF ALBERT THE GREAT.\*

THIS volume, as far as its form is concerned, carries its condemnation on the title-page. Translation from one language into another is a work in which success is always difficult, but to translate from a translation is to court inevitable failure. And if this is true in every case, it is especially true when a French version is adopted as the medium for rendering a German original into English. The two latter languages have far more in common than either of them has with the French. Mr. Dixon will no doubt plead that he does not understand German; for, if he did, it is inconceivable that he should have gone out of his way to make a French translation the basis of his own. But that is no excuse; it only proves that he has undertaken a task for which he was obviously incompetent. And the very first page of the preface bears evidence of the sort of hybrid style which results from his way of going to work. Something indeed of this may be due to the author, whose phraseology and whole method of composition is evidently stilted and cumbrous enough; but he was unfortunate in falling into the hands of a translator with such a fatal aptitude for improving the occasion to the uttermost. It is odd to be told in the opening page that "a holy man is the grandest structure," and that the hero of the biography was "a magnificent work of art brought to perfection by the simultaneous concurrence of Divine grace and human liberty." Soon afterwards we are perplexed by the enigmatic statement that "it is with the lives of children born among a certain social class as with the countenance, which, in many cases, bears striking marks of resemblance"—to what? The writer apparently means that both the faces and characters of children "born among a certain social class" are very like one another; but there is neither meaning nor grammar in his words. His ordinary English is scarcely more idiomatic, even when it is not actually ungrammatical, as, for instance, in the characteristic sentence—"It was the period when the children of St. Francis commenced to conquer heaven to themselves and the world to our Lord by the folly of holy love." Nor does the translator seem more at home in the institutions than in the language of his own country. In a foot-note which, if not his own, he has inserted without comment, the degree of Bachelor, or Licentiate, at Ratisbon is illustrated by "an analogous institute which still exists in the English Universities, that of Fellows." It is not unusual to hear even well-informed foreigners talk about a "Fellow of Oxford," just as they talk about "Sir Peel"; but an English writer might surely have been expected to know that the degree of Bachelor still exists in our Universities, and that Fellows of Colleges are not an "analogous institute" at all.

If we pass from the form to the substance of the book, it would be hard to say that it does not possess any interest; but the interest lies in the subject, and not in the author's treatment of it. Albert was, next to his illustrious pupil, Aquinas, one of the greatest of the Schoolmen, and his life was well worth writing. But we could wish that the author had condescended to a more historical and critical manner of writing it, instead of adopting the formal and ponderous tone of a hagiology. There is the less excuse for such a treatment of the subject as Albert, however saintly he may have been, was never canonized, nor even, so far as we are aware, "beatified," though Dr. Sighart is fond of calling him "the Blessed Albert." The worst of such biographies is that they do not give us a flesh-and-blood picture of the man, but an edifying ideal of what the hagiologist rightly or wrongly supposes him to have been. His individuality is merged in his sanctity. Of course we have no more right to complain of such books being written for those who find spiritual edification in them than to complain of volumes of Sermons or Meditations; but it may be questioned whether it is the best way of writing the life of a Saint, and it certainly is not the right way to compile a record of the "Life and Scholastic Labours" of Albert the Great. On the whole, we have nothing better than a poor translation of a very second-rate book. Mr. Dixon tells us that he has suppressed that part of the original which deals with the "Science" of Albert, and so far as he has acted wisely in bringing out what is intended to be a popular work, especially as a good deal of what then passed for science would now be considered obsolete. But such specimens as are here given of Albert's writings will hardly enable an ordinary reader to form a fair estimate of the powers of a mind which, as Neander says of him, "grasped the whole compass of human knowledge as it then existed"—whence indeed he gained his title of the "universal doctor." Albert was born about 1193, and studied at Padua, one of the earliest of the Universities which were beginning in the thirteenth century to be established in different cities of Italy and France, superseding for purposes of secondary education the cathedral and monastic schools. In 1223 he entered the Dominican Order, which had been formally approved by Innocent III. only eight years before. He studied afterwards at Bologna and Paris, and taught as a professor for more than half a century at Cologne, which was the first and principal seat of his activity, at Hildesheim, Freiburg, Regensburg,

\* *Albert the Great, of the Order of Friar-Preachers: His Life and Scholastic Labours.* From Original Documents. By Dr. J. Sighart. Translated from the French Edition by Rev. Fr. T. A. Dixon, Ord. Præd. London: Washbourne. 1876.



Strasbourg, and Paris. In 1260, Alexander IV. compelled him, much against his will, to accept the bishopric of Ratisbon; but as Dr. Sighart phrases it, "his hand grasped the pastoral staff for two years only." In 1262 Urban IV. permitted him to resign his see, and for the remainder of his life, which was prolonged to 1280, he devoted himself to his learned labours as a professor and writer, at Cologne. He composed twenty-one folios of philosophy and theology, based in great measure on the works of Aristotle, which he had mastered in Latin translations from the Greek or from the Arabian manuscript of Avicenna. He was the first to lecture on Aristotle, whose teaching he reproduced in a "popular, detailed, and Christianized form." Into the scholastic philosophy this is hardly the place to enter; but it may be said that Albert was more especially the philosopher, as his great disciple, Aquinas, was the theologian, of the mediæval Church.

Some of his biographers credit him with working many miracles, but without specifying any—an omission which one of them, Peter of Prussia by name, rather naively observes, "may be due to negligence on the part of the religious in making them known." His memory, however, is encircled with a halo of legendary lore in which he appears sometimes as a magician, sometimes as a saint. One of the most famous of these legends associates him with the building of Cologne Cathedral:—

It is related that Albert was one day sitting in his cell meditating on the project of building; he fervently prayed to be enlightened in carrying out the work which he was desirous to undertake for the glory of God. Suddenly a light flashed before his eyes; being startled, he raised his head, and saw himself encircled with a soft light, which cast its splendour on every object around. Four personages entered his cell, wearing crowns of gold, which shone like the precious stone when exposed to light. The first, an old man of imposing mien, wore a long beard, which covered his breast; he held a compass in his hand. The second, of youthful appearance, carried a square. The third, a robust man, whose chin was covered with a thick dark beard, held a rule; and the fourth, a young man, in the flower of his age, with rich flaxen curls, had a level. They announced themselves as having been masters in sacred architecture. They advanced with grave and solemn step. Then came the holy Virgin, Mother of God, holding in her right hand a lily whose white petal was resplendent with beauty. The four masters commenced eagerly to trace out, from signs given by the holy Virgin, the plan of a majestic temple. The exterior plan was gradually delineated by means of bright lines, and formed a sumptuous monument such as Albert could never have imagined. But this bright vision did not last long. The entire edifice, encompassed with light similar to the twinkling of the stars, suddenly put on a ravishing appearance; then all vanished from his astonished sight. Albert, however, retained in his memory the marvellous design which the four masters with crowns of gold had drawn, from directions given by the Mother of God, and was able to present to the Prince-Bishop a plan capable of satisfying the desires of the most ambitious. Thus speaks the legend, which, however, is of recent origin. According to it, Albert was the framer of the plans on which was built the Cathedral which is admired to this day.

Another story exhibits him in the more equivocal character representing the vulgar estimate of his cultivation of physical science. It refers to the period when the youthful Thomas Aquinas was his pupil:—

Besides the cell which was assigned him in the Convent of the Friar-Precursors at Cologne, Albert selected another room somewhat apart, where he spent whole days when his occupations did not call him to the church or to the Professor's chair. Many a brother of the Convent viewed with indescribable dread the mysterious workshop in which Albert applied himself to the various mechanical arts. Thomas, whose curiosity led him to observe his master's work, one day profited by his absence to examine the interior of this interesting chamber. With a beating heart he entered the laboratory. Strange animals which he had never before seen, instruments artistically made, vessels of curious shape, were there exposed. Thomas's astonishment increased in proportion as he looked around. Something drew him towards the corner of the room. A scarlet curtain, reaching in length and close folds to the ground, seemed to him to conceal an object. He approached, and timidly drawing aside the curtain found himself face to face with a lovely talisman, whose charms threatened to deprive him of his senses. He wished to fly, but felt himself detained by magical force, and was compelled, in spite of himself, to gaze on the enchanting figure of a young girl. The more he gazed, the more it shone before his eyes, the greater was the confusion with which his thoughts pressed upon his mind. But this was not all: the strange form addressed to him, with a human voice, the triple salutation, "Salve, salve, salve!" The noble youth was on the point of losing consciousness. He imagined that the prince of hell was sporting with him; he strove, in the fear and uneasiness that possessed him, to defend himself as best he could against the tempter. He seized a stick that was near him, then exclaiming, "Begone, Satan!" he struck with redoubled blows the imaginary demon, till the statue broke in pieces with a strange noise. Thomas was flying from the room when Albert stood at the threshold. Seeing what had happened in his absence, that the fruit of his long application was annihilated, he was moved with just indignation, and apostrophised the young student thus, "Thomas! Thomas! what have you done? You have destroyed in an instant the labour of thirty years!"

One of the principal events of Albert's life, if it occurred at all, was his presence at the second Council of Lyons, held in 1274 to effect the reunion of the Greeks to the Latin Church; but this is not stated by any contemporary author, and there seems to be little evidence for it beyond the fact of his mentioning certain details of what occurred there which are not otherwise known. When indeed Dr. Sighart speaks of "the happy results that were accomplished at the Council," and the admirable spirit of unity animating all its members, he must have forgotten that the union of East and West was as shortlived and unreal as that afterwards proclaimed at Florence. Albert was mixed up with one important controversy of his age which has reappeared in different forms again and again, and cannot even now be said to be extinct, although it may not appear on the surface, within the unity of the Roman pale. The newly-founded Orders of Franciscans and Dominicans—which for the three centuries preceding the Reformation occupied much the same place in the Church as has since

been held by the Jesuits—very soon came into collision both with the secular clergy and with the lay world generally, more especially with the Universities, which then represented the intellect and learning of the world. This conflict came to a crisis in the University of Paris, where William of St. Amour took up the cudgels against the monks in a book *De Periculis Novissimorum Temporum*, devoted to an elaborate attack on their whole system and plan of life as opposed to the true idea of Christianity. The monastic institute had indeed been erroneously confirmed by the Church, but inasmuch as even the judgment of the Roman Church was liable to correction, her approval ought to be revoked. Three distinguished champions came forward to defend the religious orders, St. Bonaventure, Aquinas, and Albert the Great. They had no difficulty of course in exposing the injustice and extravagance of much that was alleged by their opponents, but, as Neander justly observes, not without displaying a share of that sophistry of party feeling which may be discerned on both sides. The corrupt state of the secular clergy did undoubtedly render some such supplementary machinery almost a necessity at that time, and men like Albert and Aquinas could not be expected to foresee the equal or still deeper corruption which would eventually discredit those who aspired to reform them, of which hostile critics were not slow already to detect the symptoms. For the moment, however, the great Dominicans gained the victory in the controversy between regulars and seculars in the University of Paris, quite as much owing to the distinction they had personally conferred on their Order as by the force of their arguments. And thus Albert, to cite the words of his biographer, "became the instrument in the hands of Providence, or rather of the glorious Virgin Mary, to deliver the new Orders from persecution and to put their redoubtable enemies to flight."

As an illustration at once of the style of testamentary dispositions in the thirteenth century, and of the character of the man, we subjoin in conclusion the Latin text of Albert's will, drawn up two years before his death:—

Testamentum domini Alberti. Universis presentes has literas inspecturis: Frater Albertus, episcopus quondam Ratisponensis, ordinis Fratrum Predicatorum in Colonia salutem cum plenitudine caritatis. Cum sit omnibus manifestum et non possit in dubium aliquatenus devenire me posse in rebus temporalibus propria possidere ratione exemptionis ab Ordine et a summo Pontifice mihi factæ et pro voluntaria mea arbitrio possessa prout mihi placuerit dispensare, cogitavi et statui de rebus meis vivens, sanus et incolumis ordinare, ne post mortem meam cujusquam auctoritate vel ordinatione ad usus alios transferantur, quam ad quos ego ipse concepici a multo tempore deputare.

Quia igitur fratres domus Coloniensis apud quos mansi et docui pro majore tempore vite meæ erga me promeruerunt beneficiis et obsequiis pluribus et diversis, ut ipsorum affectum pariter et officium merito prosequi debeam speciali gratia et favore, quapropter etiam apud ipsos eligo sepulturam, universa qua habeo do et lego conventui memorato ipsa trifarie dividendo, scilicet libros meos universos bibliothecæ communis, ornamenta mea omnia sacristiæ, aurum vero et argentum et gemmas que possunt in argentum commutari, ad perficiendum chorum domus ejusdem, quem ego de pecunia mea fundavi et a fundo erexi, nec volo quod ad usus alienos convertantur.

Volo tamen quod tribus claustris sororum, videlicet ad Sanctum Marcum apud Erbilopolim et ad Sanctam Catharinam in Augusta, et in Gamundia, apud Ezelingam, nonaginta libras hallensium de dictis bonis meis dentur: triginta cuilibet æqualiter dividendo. Si vero aliquis, quod absit, post mortem meam hanc ordinationem meam attentaverit immutari, maledictionem omnipotentis Dei se noverit incursum et mihi in die iudicii coram summo Iudice de violentia responsurum. Executores autem testamenti mei ordino provincialem Teutoniæ, priorem Coloniensem, Fratrem Hainricum priorem Herbipolensem fratrem meum carnalem, Fratrem Godefridum physicum et Fratrem Godefridum de Duisburg, ut omnia supradicta sicut eis confido fideliter et immutabiliter exsequantur. In cuius rei testimonium præsens scripsi, sigilli mei appositione una cum sigillo Prioris ibidem decrevi munimine roborandum, et ad majus firmitatem omnium prædictorum, sigilla duorum militum civium Coloniensium, videlicet domini Brunonis dicti Hartfust procuratoris Fratrum et domini Danielis dicti Judai præsentibus volui applicari, quos ambos etiam statuo executores præmissorum cum Fratribus supradictis. Actum anno Domini MCCLXXVIII. mense Januarii.

#### WOODWARD'S GEOLOGY OF ENGLAND AND WALES.\*

THE wide proportions and varied aspects which the study of geology has assumed within the half century of its existence as a science make it already well nigh a necessity for the average student to confine his area of contemplation or research within limits of some kind or other. To extend his range of thought and observation so as to embrace the whole scheme of telluric structure and change opened up by geological speculation, and stretching out into the contiguous fields of astronomical, chemical, and physiological study, is a task for a lifetime. Even if confined to the superficial survey of the earth's crust, or what is known as stratigraphical geology, it is more than a task for a lifetime—in the case of a non-professional student at least—to get a systematic view of our globe at large, to assign to each formation or organic group its place in the continuous series of life, and to bring the more familiar objects or phenomena with which the student necessarily starts into exact correlation and harmony with those of far-off and widely varying regions. It becomes then almost necessary for our teachers or leaders of research to provide the learner with some kind of manual adapted to his limited com-

\* *The Geology of England and Wales: a Concise Account of the Lithological Characters, Leading Fossils, and Economic Products of the Rocks; with Notes on the Physical Features of the Country.* By Horace B. Woodward, F.G.S., of the Geological Survey of England and Wales. With Map and Woodcuts. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

mand of time and labour, as well as to concentrate his powers of observation within a focus, so to say, of easy and definite manipulation. In his *Geology of England and Wales* Mr. Horace Woodward has rendered this service to every one who would arrive at a competent and accurate knowledge of the ascertained facts of the earth's structure and development, such as he has the means of verifying and illustrating in materials ready to hand, if not lying immediately beneath his feet. Happily for the tiro in geology as well as for the advanced professor, the stratification of the British Isles is such as no similar area of the globe can surpass in richness or variety. There is hardly a formation or a single deposit anywhere discovered hitherto which has not its equivalent among British rocks or fossils. Within the limits of Great Britain the student has an epitome of the geological history of the globe itself. In the various scenes which this limited area has witnessed during the long succession of ages, all climes and physical conditions or agencies now existing, as our author writes in summing up his retrospect, have already had their counterpart. Volcanoes, glaciers, coral-reefs, huge lakes, and rivers, all have played their part in this history, and the rocks and fossils under our feet remain as monuments and evidences of this vast succession of changes:—

In certain Boulder Clays and Gravels we find the relics of conditions similar to those affecting Greenland and Labrador at the present day. We have but to go into a Chalk-pit to study the conditions of the deepest ocean-bed. In the free-stone quarries of the Oolitic hills we sometimes find the evidence of old coral reefs, and some of the organic remains forcibly remind us of the existing flora and fauna of Australia. If we turn to the Red cliffs of Dawlish and Teignmouth, and to the salt-mines of Cheshire, the scene changes to large lakes such as the Caspian and Aral—lakes formerly connected with the sea. Again, we can study sub-tropical vegetation in the heaps of refuse thrown out from our Coal-mines. In still earlier periods we find that the scene constantly changes—the secretions of the Coral animal, the sands of the sea-shore, the sediments formed in lakes, and the lava and ashes of volcanoes, all form part of our Welsh and Cumberland mountains; and when we clamber over these old hills, and know that they are older than even the Alps and Himalayas, we can well feel that the story of English and Welsh Geology may vie in interest with that of any other part of the world.

We cannot, it may be, as yet with certainty identify our own primary gneissic rocks with the Laurentian series of Canada, the oldest deposit yielding (in the *Eozoon Canadense*) the vestiges of life; nor perhaps can we go beyond the statement that the two series are homotaxous, or, in other words, occupy the same relative position in regard to the succession of life in the two areas. In certain districts, however, of England and Wales there is evidence of the presence of rocks older than the Cambrian age, to which, in the days before Sir W. Logan's great discovery, the vista of organic life was limited. To this group has been assigned the fundamental gneiss of Lewis, the largest of the Hebrides. In the opinion of Dr. Holl, the gneissic rocks of Malvern may be the relics of an old pre-Cambrian continent, contemporaneous with the Laurentian series, although Murchison considered them to be metamorphosed Cambrian strata. Both Professor Ansted and Dr. Holl concur in thinking that the oldest rocks of Charnwood Forest are of Laurentian age, yielding as they do organic traces in conjunction with imperfect true slates, with claystone passing into claystone porphyry and hornblende porphyry, and so into granitic gneiss, grauwacke, and aenite. Some of the crystalline rocks of Anglesea, Holyhead, and the adjacent parts of Carmarthenshire, as well as the syenitic crags of St. David's, have been assigned to the pre-Cambrian age. Wherever they are developed in Great Britain these rocks are found overlaid unconformably by those which form the base of the next series. Here occurs the greatest known break in the series of England and Wales, and much uncertainty still prevails in assigning the lowest place in the classification of these superimposed beds, according as geologists are swayed by the authority of Murchison or of Sedgwick. Stating candidly and clearly the views of each of these masters of their science, Mr. Woodward does well in arranging his subject-matter in accordance with that of Sedgwick. The total thickness of the Cambrian group may be taken at upwards of 30,000 feet in Wales, and about 20,000 in the Lake district. They have, on the whole, been formed in shallow seas. The lowest beds divide themselves into two well-marked groups—the Harlech or Longmynd, strikingly exposed at Church Stretton, and the Menevian, so named from the old Roman name of St. David's. The lithological structure and fossil constituents of these beds, often grouped together as the Lower Cambrian, are well drawn out by our author, and illustrated by a graphic view of the great Penryn slate quarry, showing the banding and cleavage of these deposits.

The scope of Mr. Woodward's work does not lead him to descant at any length upon the problem of slaty cleavage, or that of the intrusion of igneous or quartzose rocks among these strata, his object being to provide the student with a text-book or guide to the fossil-bearing series. Purely speculative questions are in consequence kept out of sight, or only in so far referred to as they are practically exemplified in typical deposits of some kind or other, such as the superposition of the Devonian series upon the Upper Silurian. Great difference of opinion has always existed concerning the exact relations of the different members of this series. The Devonian rocks of West Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, consisting of a series of slaty beds, grits, sandstones, and limestones, have been considered by many geologists as the marine equivalents of the Old Red Sandstone. This conclusion has been doubted by other writers. Professor Jukes expressed an opinion that the greater part of the Devonian strata were of Lower Carboniferous age. Without going more closely into the abstract question, Mr. Wood-

ward thinks it more suitable to his purpose to consider these beds separately as Devonian, at the same time pointing out the main facts which have been ascertained concerning them, and the inferences to which these logically lead. The beds are best displayed in the coast sections between Barnstaple Bay and Lynton, the Upper, Middle, and Lower Devonian being clearly differentiated, the fundamental members consisting of the Lynton sandstone or Foreland group underlying the Lynton slates. These beds are far from passing insensibly, as do the Old Redstone in some places, into the Silurian rocks below, the passage beds known as Downton sandstones and Ledbury shale belonging perhaps as much to the one as to the other. In point of structure, the two series lie widely apart, the physical and palæontological evidence going to prove that the Old Red Sandstone was essentially a freshwater formation, formed in large lacustrine areas, while the Lynton slates yield various organic remains of marine origin, the series, 1,500 feet thick, containing spirifers, orthids, fenestella, favosites, and other species, besides crinoids, &c. In attempting to parallel the Devonian strata with equivalent beds elsewhere, the problem mainly turns, as our author points out, upon the relations between the Devon rocks and the overlying true Carboniferous series. This relation is not quite clear in South Devon, owing to local disturbances; but in North Devon the beds pass gradually one into the other. These carboniferous rocks are indeed generally classed with the millstone grit and coal measures. But there are several calcareous bands at the junction of the culm measures and Devonian strata which are more plausibly taken to represent the mountain limestone. In South Wales, about Haverfordwest, the carboniferous limestone is found much attenuated, and in Ireland it becomes in places gradually replaced by the carboniferous slate which generally underlies it. As the same limestone is traced northwards beyond Derbyshire, the calcareous element becomes less, and the series consists of bands of limestone intercalated with shales and sandstones, and containing seams of coal. From these changes it may be inferred that some at least of the upper portions of the Devonian series are to be paralleled with the Lower Carboniferous strata of other districts. It is obviously somewhere between the Upper and Lower Devonian strata that the line is to be drawn which separates the Old Red Sandstone from the Carboniferous strata, although this line may possibly never be fixed with precision. The Old Red having been formed in fresh waters, there is a need of some considerable barrier to separate the lacustrine sands of that era from the purely marine area of the Devonian slates and limestone; and such a barrier must be drawn somewhere between the Mendip and Quantock hills, albeit there is no precise physical evidence of it. The parallelism of this series of marine and fresh-water deposits is additionally disturbed by the occurrence of a concealed fault which brings up the Old Red Sandstone to a higher level, while the slaty rocks and associated limestones of South Devon and Cornwall are so much broken up and disturbed that no very close parallel to those of North Devon is possible. No definite theory can in consequence be laid down as to the boundaries or the level of sea and land at the time when these marine and fresh-water deposits went forwards, nor can we say to what extent they were simultaneous. Mr. Jukes's careful parallelism of the groups on either side of the fault in question will be found of great practical value to the student; as will also that of Mr. Etheridge as regards the distribution of the Upper, Middle, and Lower Devonian series, extending in Cornwall from the Petherwin limestones and slates in descending order to the Fowey grits and slates, the age of the former beds, however, remaining somewhat under dispute.

The whole tendency of Mr. Woodward's geological survey is in favour of the uniformity and unbroken sequence of phenomena. Locally, of course, there are many cases of non-conformability to be traced. As there is the great break we have spoken of between the very earliest and the Cambrian Palæozoic series, and again that between the Cambrian and the Silurian, so between the chalks and the tertiaries there is a vast palæontological and physical interval, besides one between our Eocene and Pliocene, which is but partly bridged over by the Miocene deposit of Bovey Tracey. Yet, on the whole, our author maintains, and we believe with reason, that the succession of strata in England and Wales is far more complete than is generally supposed, and that for the widest of the breaks above indicated, excepting perhaps that between the Laurentian and Cambrian, no very great interval of time need be proposed. He does not believe, with some high authorities, that the strata unrepresented amongst us are to the full as many or as great as those known to exist, although he does not pretend to an accurate or exhaustive determination of the unrepresented strata, nor even to absolute measurements of such as are laid down in our maps. Where local thicknesses vary so widely, even an average section is not easily to be assigned to any group or series of deposits. Still less is any range of time within our powers of calculation. Mr. Woodward is disposed to regard the ages which have elapsed from the earliest deposition of the known strata to the present time as being fairly represented by estimating their total thickness at 75,000 feet, and supposing them to have been deposited uniformly and without break. This conclusion falls in approximately enough with what Professor Thomson has taught us to infer from the evidences of solar activity, and with Professor Huxley's calculations of the average rate of deposition of life-bearing strata.



## NAMES AND ARMS OF THE GERMAN NOBILITY.\*

**DR. GRASSE** is one of the most indefatigable of antiquaries. A few years ago he published a bulky collection of the legends of the Prussian State—that is to say, of all the countries that were under the dominion of Prussia in the year 1868. This was followed by a collection of other legends proper to the kingdom of Saxony. Then we had all that could be obtained at the time respecting the superstitions connected with German history brought together under the title “*Jägerbrevier*,” soon followed by a second volume with the special name “*Hubertusbrüder*.” This year he presents the world with a collection of the legends associated with the origin of the old German nobles, with special references to their armorial bearings, where these can be ascertained. That the book, as it at present stands, is far from complete, is evidently felt by Dr. Grasse himself. Many names no less deserving of notice than many that are made conspicuous are apparently ignored; and, while the story of some families is decorated with a woodcut representing the coat of arms, others are without such illustration. These inconsistencies are to be ascribed, not to carelessness, but to the rule of chance to which the collector has been subjected. What he has discovered he tells us, and what he has not discovered he of necessity leaves out. He hopes that some of the scions of the nobility who have family records and coats of arms yet unpublished will look upon this first edition of his work as a kind of invitation to supply him with matter to make his second more perfect.

To criticize such a book as a whole is impossible. The families are placed in alphabetical order, so that the only thread by which the legends are connected is that provided by the series of initial letters. We content ourselves, therefore, with selecting a few of the legends, some on account of the stories themselves, some on account of the name or title with which they are associated.

Coronations afforded a convenient opportunity for conferring the honour of knighthood. Thus, it is said, when Charles the Great was crowned as Emperor, Count Alvo brought the Imperial banner from Brunswick, and, as a reward for this service, his escutcheon was emblazoned with three white roses, as a symbol of spotless honour and moral purity. The family of Andrássy, whose name has of late been so conspicuously before the world, owes its arms to a tournament held at Gran by St. Stephen in the year 1000, when he was crowned King of Hungary. A foreign knight had unhorsed many competitors, and shown himself somewhat insolent in consequence, when a Magyar, of Scythian descent, named Andorás, challenged him to mortal combat. The challenge having been accepted, Andorás, in the presence of the whole assembly, severed the head and right shoulder of his heavily armed adversary from the body with a single blow. On account of this exploit he was allowed to bear on his shield a man in armour, placed between two lions, erect, who held a crown. Through his subsequent marriage he became founder of the Andrássy family in all its branches. The story is told, however, in another way, with especial reference to a crest representing a Magyar brandishing a sabre. When, we read, St. Stephen was crowned at Stuhlweissenburg in 1100 (*sic*), a strange knight came before him complaining that a lady betrothed to him had fled, and was now in the Queen's train. The King promised to repair the wrong if the plaint was just; but learned from the lady, Elsbeth of Elmenau, that her relatives, treating her as an orphan, had assigned her against her will to Willibald of Lundenburg, the complaining stranger, to escape from whose clutches she had fled to the protection of the Queen, having bestowed her affections upon another. This was the Magyar noble Andorás, who had seen Elsbeth at the Court of Bavaria, while the Queen resided there. To settle the dispute, the King adopted the ordinary expedient of a judicial combat, which took place on the following day, when Andorás smote off the head and the right hand of his opponent. He was rewarded with the hand of Elsbeth, and was appointed Governor of Transylvania. Of three sons, the issue of his marriage, only one survived, the founder of the house of Andrássy. The second story is the more complete of the two; the regular spot for the coronation of the Hungarian Kings for several centuries was Stuhlweissenburg, and the manifestly incorrect date (1100) may simply be a misprint.

The arms of the house of Berg underwent strange alterations. At first both these and the family name corresponded to the situation of the ancestral castle, which was perched on a mountain (*Berg*), with a brook (*Bach*) at its feet, and on its summit a tree (*Baum*), on which was a flower (*Blume*), more specifically a rose. On the conversion of the castle into a monastery, the painted objects disappeared, and were represented by four B's, placed in the quarters formed by a cross. The line of princes, however, which comprised the Counts of the Mark and of Ysenburg, retained the rose, until one of the latter branch disgraced it in 1223 by the murder of his kinsman St. Engelbert, Archbishop of Cologne, and it was replaced by a lion. Connected with the earlier arms of this family is a remarkable legend. The first Count had a virtuous wife, who had become the mother of two sons, when he departed on a warlike expedition with the Emperor. During his absence the retainer to whom he had entrusted the care of his home made dishonourable proposals to the lady, and was of course repelled. The man, in consequence, revenged himself by hastening to the Imperial army in Bohemia, and so worked upon the Count by fabrications concerning the Countess that the unhappy gentleman hurried home—which, it should be

borne in mind, was in the vicinity of Cologne—killed his wife without letting her utter so much as a word in her defence, and had his sons placed in a wood, that they might be devoured by wolves. Their disastrous condition moved the Holy Virgin, who caused a hedge of roses, impenetrable to beasts of prey, to grow round the infants, and attended them as a mother. This prodigy was observed from a neighbouring height, and reported to the Count, who was convinced, too late, of his wife's innocence. The traitor, of course, was punished with death; and of the two sons, one, Adolph, succeeded his father, the other, Bruno, became Archbishop of Cologne. On the spot where the children had been found a chapel was erected in honour of the Virgin, the site of which was afterwards occupied by the celebrated abbey of Altenberg.

The lion with two tails which appears in the arms of Bohemia had several predecessors. First came a red cauldron representing the vessel in which the patron of the country, St. Vitus, suffered martyrdom through a bath of boiling oil. This was followed by an eagle, which afterwards made way for a lion argent with a golden crown on its head. This was conferred by the Emperor in 1159 as an acknowledgment of the valour which the Bohemians had displayed at Milan. To increase the force of the compliment the painter had placed the lion in such a position as to leave the tail unseen; but the Bohemians, far from gratified, complained that the animal was more like an ape than anything else. On hearing that the Bohemians attached such great value to tails, the Emperor gave the lion two, which remain to the present day.

The house of Metternich is fortunate in having a legend to account for the first part of its name. The Emperor Henry II. had the greatest confidence in the captain of his bodyguard, who was named Metter, and thereby awakened the envy of certain courtiers, who, imitating the favourite's handwriting, wrote a treasonable letter, and contrived to let this fall, as if by accident, in the Emperor's way. The stratagem failed, for Henry had no sooner read it than he quietly put it aside, with the words “*O Metter nicht!*” (No, not Metter!) On the captain's entrance he was greeted by all present with the Emperor's exclamation, which, with the slightest alteration, is repeated in the family name.

The arms of Württemberg are connected by tradition with the fall of the house of Hohenstauffen, whose three black lions, each with one red paw, occupy half the escutcheon. When the young Conradin of Swabia took leave of his mother and departed for Italy, he left with her his favourite lion, a present from the Shah of Persia, and she kept it in her castle at Raversburg. No news about Conradin had been received for a long time; but one day the lion, who was perfectly tame, came in from the courtyard whining, with one of its fore-paws stained with blood. The phenomenon was inexplicable; but a week afterwards a messenger arrived with the sad story of Conradin's untimely end, and it appeared that the young prince had been beheaded on the very day when the lion had been so strangely affected. As a memorial of this Count, the black lions of the Hohenstauffen had each a paw painted red, and these passed into the hands of their heirs, the house of Württemberg. In the Royal Arms the black lion that supports the shield has the same peculiarity.

The family of Stein von Altenstein boast of a descent from the god Thor, and thus account for three hammers in the shield. There is a popular legend, however, which gives a different interpretation to the escutcheon. During the troublous time that immediately followed the death of the Emperor Frederick II., Eyring, Bishop of Würzburg, murdered with his own hand eleven out of twelve brothers Altenstein in their own castle, whither he had been hospitably invited, and the twelfth, named Herdagen, would have shared the same fate had he not made his escape and fled to Vienna, where for some years he gained his livelihood by working as a mason. His trade is indicated by the hammers. According to an old poem, Herdagen was killed with the others, having first, in self-defence, cut off the Bishop's nose, and the race would have been extinct had there not been a surviving member, named Seyfried, in Franconia.

A somewhat romantic story is connected with the old ducal house of Zähringen, from which the Grand Dukes of Baden derive their origin, and of which a monument remains in the neighbourhood of Freiburg. The earliest ancestors of the race were, it seems, charcoal-burners, who pursued their vocation in the mountains. One of them chanced to light upon a vein of silver, and soon accumulated a large treasure, which he kept concealed. About the same time an Emperor (name unknown) was dethroned, and fled with his family and retinue to the Kaiserstuhl mountain in the Breisgau, where he endured bitter miseries which moved him even to tears. He did not, however, lose all hope, but issued a proclamation to the effect that any one who would restore him should be rewarded with a dukedom and the hand of his daughter. The charcoal-burner responded to the call, and appeared before the Emperor with some specimens of his silver, and, on condition that he received the adjacent district together with the lady's hand, offered to bring as much of the precious metal as would lead to the recovery of the throne. The terms were accepted, the Emperor was restored, and made his son-in-law Duke of Zähringen, to denote that his tears (*Zähren*) had been dried through the good offices of the charcoal-burner. The title became extinct in 1218, but its vitality in the popular memory is attested by the fact that the Zähringen-Hof is one of the chief hotels in Freiburg.

The legend which accounts for the arms of the very ancient house of Prittwitz claims notice because of its oddity. The founder of that house was a Slavonian warrior, who did

\* *Geschlechtsnamen und Wappensagen des Adels deutscher Nation.* Zusammenge stellt von Dr. J. G. Th. Grasse. Dresden: Schönfeld. 1876.

military service in Mauritania, and was particularly famed for his proficiency at chess. A Moorish princess, who was also a good player, hearing him boast of his skill, challenged him to a game, and on his inquiring what should be the stake, replied that the winner should have the privilege of hitting the loser on the head with the chess-board. He agreed, won the game, and dealt the princess so smart a blow on the head that he drew blood, and her wound had to be bandaged. The King, whoever he might have been, so highly admired not only the skill but, what is more extraordinary, the magnanimity (*Grossmuth*) of the ungallant Slav, that he raised him to a high office, and allowed him to carry a chequered shield, surmounted by the princess without arms, and with a bandaged head as a crest. When the successor of this ancient Phillidor settled in Silesia, the people called him Bretfitzen or Bretwitz, signifying that he was witty (*witzig*) or sharp at the board (Brett), and this name easily converted itself into Prittwitz. A similar story is told of the Silesian house of Löben. In this the warrior, having fallen into the hands of the infidels, played a game of chess with the Moorish Queen Pelusa, on the condition that if he lost his head should be forfeit. He was the winner, and the Queen, not content with sparing his life (*Leben*) whence is derived the name Löben, gave him a large sum of money, and appointed him general in the wars against the King of Egypt, and allowed him to bear her image on his escutcheon. The Löben, according to all our notions of chivalry, can tell a more creditable tale than the Prittwitz, but it should be observed that the Moorish figure in both coats of arms has its head similarly bound.

The origin of the arms of the Bohemian heroes Pardubitz and Stara is connected with the famous siege of Milan in 1158 by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. One night the Bohemians who had been brought by the Duke Wratislaw to the assistance of the Emperor had climbed the walls of the besieged city, and had penetrated as far as the market-place, when a struggle ensued, and they were driven back by the citizens. They had secured a retreat by bursting open the gate, through which all made their way, with the exception of Geschek of Pardubitz, who, still fighting, remained behind the rest, until at last a voice from the city called upon the warder to let fall the portcullis. The order was obeyed, and just as Geschek was passing through the gate, his horse was cut in half close behind him. The hinder half, as he boasted, he left for the benefit of the "Wälschen," the other he brought to the Bohemian camp, where his King knighted him, and allowed him to bear half a white horse on his shield.

As this story may remind some readers of an incident in the life of the fictitious traveller Münchhausen, the two halves of whose horse led a merry life after their separation, we may affix to it, before we take leave of Dr. Gräse, the legend associated with the veritable Münchhausen of Thuringia. In their earliest times the family was simply called Hausen; and when at last all had died out with the exception of one who was a monk, the Pope, who took pity on the survivor, allowed him to marry, and he had a son, named Heine, who did such good service under the Emperor Frederick II. as to be allowed to bear the effigy of a monk on his shield and to be called "Münchhausen."

#### JOAN.\*

IN her latest contribution to the fiction of the country Miss Broughton has exaggerated all the faults which disfigured her earlier works, and produced scarcely anything to counter-balance them. Indeed the merit which made the writer's first book remarkable—a certain quaint freshness in her way of looking at things—has long since degenerated into a trick; and in most of her subsequent novels she has relied for attraction more upon the vividness with which hugs and kisses are described, and upon suggestions of impropriety, than upon anything else. There may, no doubt, be people who like to read of a painted ceiling where "water-gods and sea-nymphs are frolicking, naked and unashamed"; or of a girl who, "in her night-gown with her blowzed hair tumbling into her sleepy eyes," does not look so vulgar as when she is clothed; or, again, of one whose arms are "absolutely unclothed but for the two tiny shoulder-straps, which alone hinder her garment from entirely taking French leave." This piece of vulgarity the writer describes as a "luxurious detail"; and into the mouth of the girl who wears this costume she puts this striking speech:—"My imagination always will take these odious flights; I wish it did not. I never see a preposterously fat person that I do not instantly picture them (*sic*) in their bath!" The taste, however, which delights in such stuff as this, and in hearing that the heroine's "aching soul is still held in the prison of her sweet white body," is hardly one that deserves encouragement; and it must be regarded as unfortunate that a writer who once had talent should descend to gratifying it.

The men in Miss Broughton's novels have never been remarkable for anything beyond physical attractions, and it is therefore no surprise to learn that Wolferstan, the hero of *Joan*, "has not got it on his conscience that he ever in all his life missed an opportunity of squeezing a woman's hand." This high-bred gentleman, who is a Colonel in the Guards, is introduced sitting among "dead fern and live deer," and listening to the church bells, "all seeming to tell with solemn mirth that Christ is risen." He is not going to church, however; he has been there in the morning, when he

carried on a flirtation with one of the women whose hands he is accustomed to squeeze. "He is bound on a disagreeable errand now" (Miss Broughton, whose style was never her strong point, affects the use of such words as "disagreeable" and "suitable"). "He is going to pay a visit of condolence; yes—to condole with a young lady upon the loss of her grandfather." "Well," observes the author presently, with the same slovenly jauntiness that leads her to confirm her statements with an unnecessary "yes," "the old Squire is dead now! dead suddenly. . . . I think that more people than used to do so go suddenly nowadays." One would like to know from what statistics the writer has formed this opinion; but it is no doubt enough for the present purpose to know that the old Squire was dead, and from some carelessness about his will had left Joan Dering, his petted granddaughter, with nothing but a thousand pounds, instead of the wealth she had been brought up to. Wolferstan, who is aware of this misfortune, says to himself "Poor little Joan" while he is waiting to see her. "As he thus kindly and pitifully addresses her, in his own soul, and mentally strokes her," she comes in:—

She comes to meet him with a smile, but, alas! it has so clearly been put on only just outside the door, and is kept with such difficulty from brinily drowning itself. She looks half the size that she remembers her when last they parted, not that she ever was of the buxom sort. Hers was never one of your great luscious Rubens bodies, in whose depths of creamy flesh the poor little soul is oftenest lost and smothered. But now you can almost, as they say, see through her. One is always tenderly disposed towards thin people, though, in reality, they are not nearly such objects of compassion as the preposterously fat, towards whom no one's heart yearns.

Before he in the least knows what he is meaning to do (Wolferstan's actions mostly get ahead of his intentions), he is standing before her, holding both her hands; though the amount of their hitherto acquaintance would not justify more than the moderate shaking of one.

In the long conversation which follows between them, it comes out that Joan is going to take up her abode with an aunt and two cousins named Moberley who live at Helmsley. On hearing this, Wolferstan, who himself lives near Helmsley, displays every sign of amazement and confusion, but refuses to explain himself. The reason of this appears when, after a long journey, Joan arrives at her aunt's house, where she is received by innumerable dogs and by an alarmingly fat woman, who opens the door to her and turns out to be Mrs. Moberley. The cousins, Bell and Di, Joan would not have been surprised to see behind a counter or a bar; but, as first cousins, they strike her as astounding. Diana, however, has some good in her. After Joan has gone up to her room, she knocks and comes in looking rather shy:—

"I have not come for anything particular," she says, speaking very fast and confusedly; "it was only that it struck me just now that we had none of us said that we were glad to see you; we have, none of us, any manners. I daresay that you have found that out already—but we are glad—that is all! I will not come back again."

Whilst making this speech she is redder than any July field poppy, and redder still when, having given Joan a quick and shame-faced kiss, she flies out of the room again, banging the creaky door after her, and leaving Joan remorseful.

The life led at Portland Villa, Mrs. Moberley's house, which is described with painful minuteness, consists chiefly of a pursuit of the officers quartered at Helmsley by the two tawdry girls and the fat vulgar aunt, who are now Joan's close companions; and the first break in its monotony is caused by a visit from Wolferstan, whom Joan greets with "a surprised red smile," whatever that may be, as he walks up to her on the seashore. She wonders that it "never struck her before what a sweet-toned voice he has; what a fine polished enunciation; what race-horse nostrils!" He walks back with her towards Portland Villa; but she, making him promise not to come in lest he should stay to luncheon and see the horrors of her aunt's establishment, "lifts to his in friendly farewell the two chaste lamps of her clear serious eyes." At their next meeting she makes him promise to treat her as a man friend, and make no pretty speeches to her; and he on his side assures her that, if he were to swear to love any one woman for the whole of his life, he would feel himself a consummate ruffian, for he would know he was swearing a lie. Upon this she rises to her feet, and while "the flame-eyed west sun is boldly kissing her swart clothes and her milky throat and her red lips," tells him that she thinks he will some day change his tune. A short time after this Wolferstan pays a visit to Mrs. Moberley, and after he has gone Joan rushes up to her room and exclaims, amid strangled sobs, "It will kill me! As long as they did not know him it was bearable—henceforth it will be unbearable."

It is difficult to say whether it is more disagreeable to read of the mean details of Joan's life at Portland Villa, or of such things as the description of the girl who turns out to be Joan's rival in what passes for Wolferstan's love, and who makes her appearance at the Abbey, where Wolferstan lives with his mother, while Joan is on a visit there. This girl, whose name is Lalage Beauchamp, is thus described as she sits after dinner:—

She is the only *décolleté* [*sic*] woman in the room; but then, probably, no other woman in the room has such a bust to exhibit. If they had they would possibly be no more backward in advertising it than she. What a neck it is! What a great deal of it! What a smooth sea of pearl! What shoulders!

Then follows the description already quoted of the "tiny shoulder-straps" which Miss Beauchamp wears. For some time it seems likely that Wolferstan, who on one occasion, as he tells Joan, followed this girl round the room on his knees crying, will return to his old passion for her; but the new love, or what passes for it, prevails, and Wolferstan, who is supposed to be gone to Scot-

\* *Joan. A Tale.* By Rhoda Broughton, Author of "Cometh up as a Flower," &c. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.



land, surprises Joan one evening in the garden outside Portland Villa; and, after some preliminary conversation, "their lips make sweet acquaintance in an interminable first kiss. Does any after kiss, I wonder," says Miss Broughton, "ever equal in point of mere duration the enormous longevity of a first one?"

It is but a natural circumstance that, after the interchange between Joan and Wolferstan of the "enormous longevity" of a first kiss, Mrs. Wolferstan should call upon Joan. In the course of their interview Mrs. Wolferstan conveys to Joan the information, which is entirely new to her, that the late Mr. Dering, Joan's father, was a forger; and Joan, after she has said to Mrs. Wolferstan, "Do you know that is I—Joan Dering—whom you have been telling that her father was a forger?" says:—

"You came to rescue your son from the infamy of marrying a forger's daughter. Well, you have succeeded—he is safe. And now, will you go, please? I think I should be glad if you would go."

For this speech Joan makes an apology, and shortly afterwards goes to meet Wolferstan, to whom she comes up, "and, without any bidding, lays her soft arms about his neck; and lifting her face to his, says, in a clear plain voice, 'Kiss me.'" Wolferstan is not unnaturally astonished at this greeting, and also not unnaturally objects to her refusing his hand because she has discovered a fact about her parentage which he always knew. However, they part, by her decision, presumably for ever. "Yet, yet again," he says to her, "my arms will hold your beloved sweet body." And she replies, "I think not . . . we two shall meet in love and fellowship never again."

After this a situation used in one of Miss Broughton's former novels is reproduced with more or less exactness. Joan finds employment as a governess, and Wolferstan, who has married Miss Beauchamp, who, as he tells Joan, stirs up all the dregs of his being, comes on a visit to the house where she is employed. Before this Joan has suffered somewhat from the festivities on the return of Wolferstan and his bride to Helmsley. A fancy ball is given at the Abbey to celebrate the event, to which her aunt and cousins have gone. Joan is left alone at Portland Villa, and once again Wolferstan takes her by surprise. He tells her what a gross mistake he has made in marrying Lalage, and intimates that he would have done better to try if he could overcome Joan's objection to marrying him because her father was a rogue. Joan, however, repulses him with virtuous indignation, and repeats the performance on another occasion later on, when Wolferstan distinctly asks her to run away with him. We are told how his wife in course of time acquired "a figure that has outrun, overflowed the once bounds (*etc.*) of its voluptuous symmetry"; and we are left to infer that, after her death, Joan married the passionate Wolferstan—a piece of information which is perhaps as interesting as anything else in a book to which it is impossible to give any praise, but which may be safely recommended to readers who desire three volumes of folly, flippancy, and coarseness.

#### JAMES II. AND THE DUKE OF BERWICK.\*

IRREGULAR warfare has its charms; and so, we suppose, for some minds has irregular literature. Colonel Wilson, who more than once deprecates the effects which the modern military system has exercised, or may come to exercise, upon the prevalence of certain elementary qualities justly regarded by him as essential to the soldier, is himself as an author anything but deficient in dash and spirit, and so far resembles his hero, whom a royal lady described as "un grand diable d'Anglais qui alloit toujours tout droit son chemin." At the same time we cannot help wishing that Colonel Wilson had seen good to follow the example of the Duke of Berwick in two of his most distinctive characteristics—simplicity of manner, and the habit of never doing things by halves. A writer in more than one respect well suited to his task might have been expected to make a better use of his opportunity. With a little more pains and a little more sobriety, he might have produced a biography at once useful and interesting; as it is, he has wilfully cut his subject in half, chosen the less interesting part, and expended upon this a neither necessary nor pleasing amount of cheap literary cookery. We cannot congratulate him on the result, except in so far that it appears to have given him genuine enjoyment in the concoction. Meanwhile, those readers will have the most cause to thank Colonel Wilson who may be encouraged to turn from his exuberantly vivacious pages to the simple and straightforward Memoirs of his hero, and to supplement his fragmentary commendations by the condensed panegyrics of Berwick by Bolingbroke and Montesquieu. Bolingbroke, it is true, was as uniformly a partisan in his praise as in his vituperation; and in recording his admiration of Berwick he was glorifying an associate whose claims to consideration had like his own been ignored at a critical season by a perverse master. Montesquieu was moved by personal as well as historical feeling when he wrote that in the books of Plutarch he had learnt to know great men from afar off; but that in Berwick he had seen more closely what greatness is. But after two such tributes other praise is apt to fall flat; while as to the Memoirs of Berwick themselves, they no more require re-writing in their substance than the Commentaries of Cæsar. Translation and

annotation would doubtless have seemed to so lively a writer as Colonel Wilson the work of a mere Dryasdust; and originality of matter being out of the question, he appears to have resolved at any cost to be original in treatment, and has certainly succeeded in being peculiar in style. His reading is apparently neither meagre nor superficial, but he seems consumed by the ambition to wear it lightly as a flower, so that his references are at the same time undesirably abundant and provokingly vague. He has, it is only fair to add, a really happy knack of quotation from both French and English literature of various kinds; on the other hand, his references at times err on the side, to say the least, of over-smartness. He affects inverted commas, and does not scorn a pun. His book is divided into as many chapters as a French leading article is into paragraphs, and each has a "sensation heading" in the pseudo-Carlylese fashion, such as "In Re Militari," "Now thrive the Armourers," "Measure for Measure," "The Shannon, ho!" "Exit, the Duke of Berwick," "Nunc dimittis," and so forth. Each page is topped by a vivacious label of a similar description, and we almost wonder that they should not rhyme from the left page to the right, after the example of Thackeray's burlesques. In short, our author's notion of wit seems to partake of the character of that of Launzi, which, according to the Duke of Berwick, had a tendency "à tourner tout en ridicule, à s'ingérer partout," &c.; for we will not translate the rest of the description, although Colonel Wilson seems by no means averse to the use of familiar idioms; for instance, he says of Berwick's visit to the Duke of Modena that "our hero succeeded in putting his Highness into a precious fright."

The volume before us, which, as we have said, treats only of the earlier part of Berwick's career, has for its object to show "how a young English gentleman fitted himself for a great office," and ending with the death of King James II. and the naturalization of his son as a French subject. King James, therefore, plays almost as prominent a part in these pages as Berwick himself, and the design of the work, as indicated by its title, comprises an account of the later fortunes of the father as well as of the earlier fortunes of the son. The result is that the book has neither unity nor completeness, and, notwithstanding the fulness with which parts of its subject are treated, is fragmentary in both conception and execution. This is the more to be regretted because, as we have said, its author was in many respects competent to have contributed a really useful chapter to the elucidation of a period of English history still greatly in need of light. For not only is Colonel Wilson well versed in the English and French memoir-literature of the time, but he is a keen critic of military affairs and systems, and—which is worth most of all—he writes with genuine fairness of spirit, and judges characters and events for himself. This is especially manifest in his account of the Irish campaigns of 1689 to 1691, and in his observations on the conduct and character of King James II. in general. Colonel Wilson is clearly doing good service against the power of paradox when he concludes a spirited narrative of the former by these words:—

After following Irish troops through so many vicissitudes, it is surprising to hear a brilliant writer assuring his readers: "In their own country, in their efforts to shake off English supremacy, their patriotism has evaporated in words, no advantage of numbers has availed them, no sacred sense of hearth and home has stirred their nobler nature." Such the historical teaching to which American opinion has with so much dignity been entreated to conform.

He shows even more conspicuous candour and courage in his repeated protests against the hard measure which it is customary to deal out to so unpopular an historical personage as the last Stuart King. In truth, there is much requiring modification in the ordinary estimate of a sovereign to whom it is difficult for a Whig and impossible for an Orangeman to be scrupulously fair. Nor is it easy, while approving of the reasons which led to the performance of the solemn farce of declaring the throne vacant, to determine with perfect accuracy the agency of the several forces which had helped to create the "vacancy." Thus the conduct of James at the time of the crisis cannot be fairly estimated without a full appreciation of the evil counsels he received at home, and of the situation of foreign affairs which had placed on the side of his adversary such allies as the Emperor and the Pope. That, on the other hand, the obstinacy of his character was not proof against the teachings of misfortune is a concession which may be freely made by the most unrelenting of Protestant critics. We can see nothing in the measures of his Irish Parliament in excess of what the situation demanded, and it is well known that he was fain to restrain rather than encourage its impatience. In exile he, upon the whole, set an example which it would have been well for his son and grandson to have followed:—

Every day he used to repeat the following prayer, which, though philosophers may deride, sounds touching to those who can honour faith, even in a Papist:—"I give thee, O my God, most humble thanks for taking my three kingdoms from me; then didst thou awake me by that from the lethargy of sin; had not thy goodness drawn me from that wretched state I had been for ever lost. I return thee also my most humble thanks for, that out of thy infinite bounty thou didst banish me into a foreign country, where I learned my duty and how to practise it."

And at the last, says Colonel Wilson (whose irrepressible vivacity shows itself at all times and seasons, and seems perfectly compatible with good feeling, if not with good taste) "what may really surprise us is, that the injured Stuart now began to pray for his enemies, and, to the terror of the Queen, to desire death. A warning sign."

In any case, however, King James II. must be allowed to have

\* *James the Second and the Duke of Berwick.* By Charles Townsend Wilson, Lieutenant-Colonel. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

been the chief author of his own calamities, and of those of the faithful band who, in the midst of a perfidy such as has been surpassed in few revolutions, were found ready to share his exile. Among these there was no nobler victim of destiny than the elder of his two sons by Arabella Churchill. The simple purity of the private life of James Fitzjames, afterwards Duke of Berwick, strikingly contrasts with the circumstances of his origin; and it was unnecessary for Colonel Wilson to impress the contrast upon his readers by recalling the "racy" scandal of Count Anthony Hamilton. Bolingbroke observes of Berwick that from his youth up he was exempt from the vices not usually regarded as blamable at that time of life, or in a gentleman of his profession, and rhetorically adds that his inclination to virtue soon led him to religion, and religion to piety, in which he unfalteringly persevered. Montesquieu says, with greater force and dignity, that Berwick "avoit un grand fonds de religion. No man ever better followed those laws of the Gospel which it costs men of the world the greatest effort to obey; in short, no man ever practised religion so much, and talked of it so little." It is pleasing to dwell on this aspect of Berwick's character—for neither his father's life, nor the lives of his father's legitimate son and grandson, are similarly *sans reproche*. Colonel Wilson recalls the two marriages of his hero—the first with the widow of the gallant, but unlucky, Sarsfield, whose character Berwick has himself drawn with military conciseness—"c'étoit un homme d'une taille prodigieuse, sans esprit, de très-bon naturel, et très-brave." St.-Simon, by the by, incorrectly speaks of her as Sarsfield's daughter; but on the occasion of her premature death—three years after marriage—gives a charming little portrait of her, which Colonel Wilson quotes:—"Elle étoit à la première fleur de son âge, belle, touchante, faite à peindre, une nymphe." His second marriage was equally happy, and of longer duration; it was a love match with the daughter of King James's Master of the Household, Mr. Henry Bulkeley. St.-Simon, who takes a Frenchman's privilege of mis-spelling the name, adds in his sneering way that, after the death of his first wife, the Duke had gone "so promener ou se confesser à Rome." It had not, however, been an altogether pleasant promenade; for it was during this visit that Berwick had sought to allay the terrible feud between the Cardinal de Bouillon and the redoubtable Princess des Ursins, which turned on two extremely nice points of etiquette, and lasted during the lives of both the parties to the dispute. Berwick was not less happy as a father than as a husband; and Montesquieu could say of him what could be said of none of his legitimate kinsmen, that the virtue of his children was their father's best panegyric.

The services which Berwick was able to render to his father's cause were necessarily of a limited description; nor was it till he had directly entered the service of France that his military genius found a field worthy of it. Even then it so happened that he gained but one victory in the open field—that of Almanza, which, with the exception of his masterly defence of the Italian frontier of France in 1709, forms his most celebrated achievement as a commander. But these exploits lie beyond the scope of Colonel Wilson's oddly curtailed scheme; and the campaigns which are described in this volume have only a secondary interest in his military career. They comprise that in which he fleshed his maiden sword under the command of Duke Charles of Lorraine, in Hungary, against the Turks, and of which the chief incidents were the capture of Buda and the victory of Mohacz. Soon after his return to England, Berwick was appointed to the command of Portsmouth, which, to his deep mortification, he was unable to save for his father on the outbreak of the Revolution. His next service was in Ireland, where his ability soon proved him worthy of the trust reposed in him. At the Boyne his cavalry not only executed a series of gallant charges, but effected a retreat practically unmolested by the victorious enemy. On Tyrconnell's withdrawal he was appointed to the nominal captain-generalship, with a civil and military council to take the direction of affairs. "A nice situation," says Colonel Wilson, in his familiar way, "for a boy not yet of age." It was the season when disunion was at its height in the councils of the patriots, and when the command of the English forces was assumed by no less dangerous an adversary than Berwick's uncle, Lord Marlborough. The return of Tyrconnell put an end to Berwick's brief and unproductive command. After this he served in Flanders under Luxemburg, of whom Colonel Wilson does not fail to give a spirited sketch, and under his "dandy" successor Villeroy. But his services were in this period of his career not entirely confined to arms. His mission to England, shortly before the discovery of the Jacobite plot in 1696, is a sufficient proof of his self-sacrificing loyalty; but his position was, as he himself confesses, a logically untenable as well as a practically unsafe one, and it was with no little difficulty that he effected his escape in time. Colonel Wilson has, however, nothing new to relate on this episode, or on the Duke's equally barren attempt at diplomacy in Italy in 1701, when he in vain sought to engage Pope Clement XI. to support the Bourbon succession in Spain.

Failure had thus dogged the steps of this loyal and devoted son of an unfortunate father, till that father's death at last made it necessary for him to become in name as well as in deed the servant of a foreign prince. To France, and not to England, belong the military glories associated with the Duke of Berwick's unsullied name—glories of which the volume before us merely touches the threshold. It suffices, however, to show him to have been in conduct, as in character, consistent from the first. The details

which Colonel Wilson has accumulated concerning the military life and systems of the period have considerable illustrative value for the student of its wars. His description of the French military system as reorganised by Louvois is particularly interesting, and incidentally vindicates the value of the services of an officer whose name appears to be very unfairly used as a sobriquet for a type from which in reality he was very far removed:—

To purge the army of obsolete routine, stimulate the flagging zeal of officers, and kindle the martial spirit of soldiers, Louvois instituted inspectors of cavalry and infantry. The first appointed was Lieutenant-Colonel Martinet, of the *régiment du Roi*, a corps formed in 1623 as a model for French foot. Neither noble nor courtier, this Martinet; only the promising boy of a respectable family, such as Louvois, from a fellow-feeling perhaps, delighted to patronize. Intelligent, energetic, and highly educated, Martinet was of immense use in his generation, and yet his name is a byword among us—the synonym, not of sterling leadership, but of stupid pedantry. The blockhead, whose military ideas are limited to the tailor's shop and "marching past like a wall," is described as a Martinet!

From which it would seem that in military, not less than in civil, employments, subordinates had best remain contented with the lot which they are wont to regard as their cruel doom—of services conscientiously rendered, and of oblivion for their names.

#### HERRICK.\*

A LIST might be made of single-poem poets, and an essay written on their lives and works. Single-speech Hamilton made many speeches, though but one has become famous. And Charles Wolfe wrote more than the "Burial of Sir John Moore," yet by this one poem will he always be remembered. So, too, George Withers's "Shall I wasting in despair" is only the best-known of a large number of poems—some of them quite equal to it, from a critical point of view, perhaps superior. Shirley would hardly be remembered by general readers but for his fine ode, "The Glories of our Blood and State." Thomas of Celano would be forgotten but for "Dies Iræ," and Jacopone but for "Cur mundus militat." Our English Walter Map is remembered for "Mihi est propositum"; and three great national hymns, the "Wacht am Rhein," the "Marseillaise," and "God Save the Queen," may be accounted famous works of single-poem poets. Many people who talk of Ben Jonson would be puzzled to quote a single line except from his "Drink to me only with thine eyes"; and though Waller's name is so well known, he is more often recognized as the writer of the lines on a girdle than on account of anything else. Thomson's "Rule Britannia" has earned him more fame than his *Seasons* or his epitaph on Newton; and more people know Gray's *Elegy* off book than have ever even read his Odes. Sylvester lives in "Were I as base as is the lowly plain," Logan in the "Braes of Yarrow," Elliott in the "Lament for Flodden." It is but seldom that one writer is fortunate enough to produce two such well-known pieces as Campbell's "Hohenlinden" and "Ye Mariners of England"; while Dibdin, though he wrote so much that once was popular, would be almost forgotten now but for "Tom Bowling." Such a list might be greatly prolonged. Lady Nairn's "Land o' the Leal," Lady Anne Lyndsay's "Auld Robin Gray," William Spencer's "Death of Gelert," and Gay's "How happy could I be with either," might all be cited, and many more; but enough has been said to show how little even the best critics can judge of a poet's powers by a single specimen, and how much the accident, if it can so be termed, of one happy line, or one good melody, may have to do with the fame of a writer who would otherwise be unknown. These remarks apply with greater force to hymn-writers than to any other versifiers. A good first line often makes a hymn, and still more a good tune, without which, indeed, it would fall comparatively into oblivion. Of late years attempts have been made to increase the accessibility of many poets who have long been forgotten but for some popular minor poem; and though Herrick has never been extensively popular, admirers of his one or two better-known pieces, the "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," or "Bid me to live," will wish to make his better acquaintance. Two modern editions are to be found in our libraries; but both labour under severe disadvantages, being but meagrely and not always correctly annotated, and being moreover incomplete. A Herrick without an index is practically useless, yet not long ago one was brought out in this condition. Considering that all his pieces are short, and a majority of them mere epigrams, the difficulty of finding a poem required is all but insuperable without all the assistance that an alphabetical list can give. But in the present edition all the help that an editor can give to a reader has been given. There is an alphabetical table of first lines, from which an idea may be formed of the immense number of pieces in the three volumes, for it occupies fifty-two pages, averaging twenty-nine lines each. Besides this there is a glossarial index and a list of names, so that for the first time it is possible without much trouble to find any poem in a minute.

Mr. Grosart's introductory notices are interesting in spite of the unpleasant style he affects, and are full of curious passages and anecdotes, though sometimes they give us some startling "readings." What, for example, are the Augustus Friars? were they an order peculiar to Leicester? We certainly never heard of them elsewhere. On the whole, however, there is abundant evidence

\* *The Complete Poems of Robert Herrick*. Edited by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.



of painstaking, and the poet's life has never been so thoroughly written before. Mr. Grosart in some places, however, lays too much stress on mere inferences. He tells us, for instance, that when the *Hesperides* were published in 1647-8, with the poet's name written as "Robert Herrick, Esq.," he is assuming a lay character. But it would be easy to multiply examples of clergymen described as Esquires; Herbert is so described in the register of his burial, as Mr. Grosart has himself shown in his annotations to the new edition of his "Poems." Besides which, it may safely be asked how Herrick could have described himself so as to bring out the fact of his being in Holy Orders. He had been deprived of his vicarage of Dean Prior under the Commonwealth; and it was reserved for a far later generation of parsons to call themselves "Reverend." But, apart from Mr. Grosart's argument, it is to be remembered both that a large number, if not most, of the poems had been composed while Herrick was a layman; and also that his name, given with some clerical distinction, would have been out of place in a volume so much of which is amatory, and that, too, of a very "fleshy" character. Among other notes is one of the consecration of an earlier Robert "Eyrick," sometimes called Robert Stretton, according to the fashion of mediæval ecclesiastics, to the bishopric of Lichfield. He is said to have been so illiterate that some one else was obliged to read the profession of canonical obedience for him, as he could not read himself. This was in the fourteenth century, and it may be on account of similar want of scholarship on the part of other and later members of the family that the spelling of the name varies so much. It is sometimes Eyrick, sometimes Heyricke, sometimes Erick, and sometimes Herick; while the poet, who spells it in writing Hearick, gives it as Herrick on his title-pages. The family was of consideration as early as the time of Henry III., and Herrick had some hereditary right to call himself Esquire. His uncle, after whom he seems to have been called, was thrice Mayor of Leicester, and his portrait in the Town Hall bears what we take to be a very early example of a now world-famous rhyme—not written, we may suppose, by his poet nephew:—

His picture whom you here see  
When he is dead and rotten;  
By this shall he remembered be  
When he would be forgotten.

Mr. Grosart perhaps makes too much of the uncle's stinginess to young Robert at Oxford. The letters asking for remittances are not very different from other letters to the same purpose; and though the uncle doled out money for which he was the nephew's trustee, there is nothing out of the way in his being rather abjectly thanked for it.

Herrick next appears leading a wild life in London, and it is not until 1629, when he was thirty-eight, that we find him in orders, and presented to the living of Dean Prior, which he held, with the exception of the Commonwealth period already mentioned, till his death in 1674, when he was eighty-two. It is to be feared his life was not particularly exemplary. He looked back to London and its pleasures with regret, and, though he made many good resolutions on taking orders, nothing that he has written impresses us with any reality of reformation. Yet he admires virtue, if only at a distance, and among the poems undoubtedly written after he entered the Church is one in which he had almost forestalled Dr. Doddridge's well-known epigram on holy living. It occurs towards the end of the *Hesperides*:—

A wearied pilgrim, I have wandred here  
Twice five and twenty (bate me but one year)  
Long I have lasted in this world; ('tis true)  
But yet those years that I have liv'd, but few.  
Who by his gray haire, doth his lusters tell,  
Lives not those years, but he that lives them well.  
One man has reach't his sixty years, but he  
Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe three:  
He lives, who lives to virtue: men who cast  
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

This serious vein was, however, strong in Herrick. Thoughts of death occur at short intervals all through his poems. The greater number of them contain no religious allusions. Death was the end of happy life:—

When a daffadill I see  
Hanging down his head t'wards me;  
Guesse I may what I must be:  
First, I shall decline my head;  
Secondly, I shall be dead;  
Lastly, safely buried.

So he sings, mournfully, and Mr. Grosart contrasts his expressions with the "mere jesting-phrase reference to death" in an unpublished note of Voltaire's, who, writing to Lord Chesterfield, says:—"Si je ne suis pas mort, je serai à vos ordres; si je suis mort, je vous en demande pardon d'avance." There is a well-known story somewhat to the same purpose in which some dying person said of George Selwyn, who had a morbid liking for looking at a corpse, "Let him come, for if I am alive I shall be glad to see him, and if I am dead he will be glad to see me." Another of these references of Herrick's to death is interesting from the mention of a Gospel Oak and the meaning of its name, a meaning often absurdly mistaken:—

Dearest, bury me,  
Under that Holy Oak or Gospel tree,  
Where though thou seest not thou may'st think upon  
Me when thou yearly goest procession.

Mixed up with this melancholy there is a still stronger thread of what can be called by no other name than sensuality. Here and there Herrick is as coarse and brutal as Swift. Some of these poems are hideously plainspoken, and their coarseness is the stranger by contrast to the sweetness and beauty of others. A selection of the *Hesperides* is being made for general readers, and in truth some weeding process is badly wanted. The penalty of having to wade through pages of rubbish in order to reach the pearls is too heavy. These three volumes might well be compressed into one, and enough be left to place Herrick among the first of natural poets. He gives his own table of contents:—

I sing of brooks, of blossomes, birds, and bowers;  
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.  
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,  
Of bride-grooms, brides, and of their briddall-cakes.  
I write of youth, of love, and have accessse  
By these, to sing of cleanly-wantonnesse.  
I sing of dewes, of raines, and piece by piece  
Of balme, of oyle, of spice, and amber-greece.  
I sing of Times trans-shifting; and I write  
How roses first came red, and lillies white.  
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing  
The court of Mab, and of the fairie-king.  
I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)  
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

Mr. Grosart quotes the opinions of various critics upon Herrick, and also notices his own assurance of fame. He anticipated the verdict of posterity, and looked forward to a time when "good musicians" should "set his lyrics." He addresses his book as a "plant sprung up to wither never," and prophesies that "eternal poetry" will keep his memory alive until the "thirtieth thousand year." Certain it is that he is more read and admired of late years, and has never been forgotten among English poets. This new edition is, however, the first which does him justice, and, if it includes much which we might wish Herrick had not written, Mr. Grosart has done well in giving everything, for the use of scholars and students, and duly warns others "off to selections specially provided."

#### MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE.\*

ALL stories which show woman's love as robust, healthy, and natural, and man's as morbid, sentimental, and puling, grate on one's sense of justice and likelihood, and are so directly opposed to ordinary experience as to fail in awakening one's sympathies. No doubt this state of things may exist in exceptional cases, just as five-legged calves and two-headed girls may exist; but a painter who gave five legs to a cow ruminating under a tree, or two heads to a lady singing love songs on her balcony, would rightly be condemned as a painter of things that do not exist, save as monstrosities not worth representation. We are far from saying that the story of *Mercy Philbrick's Choice* was not worth telling; or that Stephen White's love is as monstrous as a calf with five legs or a baby with two heads. But while acknowledging all the good and painstaking work that there is in the book—all the delicate touches and nice observation—we are sorry that the author should have chosen a theme which is so far unnatural as to be antipathetic to the reader.

The hero, Stephen White, is a man of twenty-five years of age, suppressed by his mother, misunderstood by the world, and heavily handicapped by circumstance. He has a passionate love of beauty, but he is poor, the son of parents who are like brute beasts in their ignorance of what is ugly and what is beautiful, and his sole companions are his peevish and unlovely invalid mother, and his old nurse Marty, whose ugliness has always revolted him, and whose "hairy mole" is his especial object of disgust. Sensitive and sentimental, he longs for a woman's love, but his mother's jealousy will not permit even a woman's friendship; hence he has to cut short his first love-scene with his first love by telling her never to do that again, when she flings herself sobbing into his arms as she accepts his confession of love and in turn gives back her own. "Lifting her as he would a child, and kissing her forehead gently," he places her in a chair, and lectures her on the selfishness of which he has been guilty in asking for her love at all, if it is to include such unwelcome displays of passion and emotion as this; making her to understand that all he craves for is a vague, shadowy, unsubstantial sentiment—a sentiment which is to be satisfied with a few stolen meetings at night, when their respective mothers are in bed—a sentiment which is to deprive her of every other more manly and more healthy affection, and which she is to find sufficient for her happiness and self-respect, though it sacrifices nothing whatever for her, and will not brave the slightest difficulty, the faintest chance of annoyance, to give her peace or pleasure. Mercy Philbrick, a widow, who is the object of this craven and half-hearted love, is described as a woman of strong affections, inexhaustible cheerfulness, courage, truth, and honesty. She makes herself happy with her rather meagre portion of the great food of life, and lets things drift as Stephen desires.

Moreover, Stephen is a man whose sense of filial duty includes the voluntary renunciation of the truth and honour as well as the manliness of his character—if indeed these qualities are not at all times inseparable; and under the guise of this filial duty he allows his narrow-minded and ill-tempered old mother to be as much a tyrant to him as was the Old Man of the Sea to Sindbad.

\* *Mercy Philbrick's Choice*. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

But it is not a son's respect that he renders to her, it is a man's servile self-abasement; it is not tender devotion to a weak woman, so much as a sickening moral and personal humiliation to an incarnate superstition. What moral beauty or dramatic harmony, what pathos of inevitable circumstance, can be brought out of such a nature and such a history, to excite the healthy sympathies of the reader? To most men a flabby and unmanly creature like Stephen White would seem to have been created to be kicked; while to most women of genuine impulse Mercy Philbrick would appear intolerably silly in allowing her living soul to be chained to this dead and flaccid make-believe which is neither soul nor body. She would get but little pity, and, in truth, would deserve none, when the inevitable catastrophe came, and when she had to acknowledge to herself what a contemptible kind of hero this was to whom she had paid her homage with so much loyalty and so much wilful self-deception. Of all the disastrous wastes so abundant in life, the waste of affection in loving a creature that exists only in the imagination is the most disastrous. And this is what Mercy Philbrick does when she loves Stephen White for his "trials, burdens, perplexities; his renunciation; his self-sacrifice; his loyalty of reticence; his humility of uncomplainingness"; and does not see through the surface into the underlying influences of abject moral cowardice and unmanly self-suppression. The author seems to share in her heroine's delusion. She evidently wants to make the best of her sorry hero, and to show him as a young man cherishing in secret all that was noblest in his nature, and making of that very secrecy an increased quality of nobleness. In this she has failed. She has drawn a mean prig; a man whom men would pronounce impossible, and whom women of the world and women of healthy instincts alike would shun as something unnatural and unwholesome.

Neither are we quite sure about Parson Dorrance. We know what the author means us to think and feel about this Jovian leader of souls; but a fine-framed, expansive, white-headed man of fifty-five, who has the habit of parental familiarity with the younger members of his flock, and who suddenly discovers that one of these members, hitherto his "child," is dear to him in quite another manner, and who is not ashamed to ask her, a widowed girl of nineteen, to be his wife, suggests an unpleasant reminiscence of something and some one that we would rather not remember. These broad-chested, white-headed, universal lovers, with the warm fires of youth still burning beneath their snows, may be seductive enough to their followers, we make no doubt; and with their robust manliness may make good leaning-posts for weak-souled women; but we misdoubt them gravely; and, until the time when we may safely confide young lambs to the guardianship of wolves, we would rather not see them too paternally familiar with our own daughters. We do not deny the skill with which the portrait is painted, and we have nothing to say against the vitality of the representation; we only think that the author has deceived herself, and drawn Parson Dorrance according to the lines of her imagination, and not after those of hard, prosaic fact.

The story of *Mercy Philbrick's Choice* is simple enough; but the interest of the book is less in the narrative than in those quaint incidental touches which give American fiction its chief charm, and in those small bits of character-painting which are like Dutch stippling for minuteness and elaboration. Stephen White, his peevish mother, and their ugly servant, live in a hideous, bare, double house, which, having been added to unequally—the new part "projecting at the front a few feet beyond the other part"—is said, in New England language, to have "a jog." They have a mortgage on the house, and have entered on possession of it for their interest. The sketch of the former occupants is remarkably well done. If the whole book had been on the same plan and in the same key, it would have been an excellent piece of truthful description. As the Whites are poor, they must let the other half of the ugly house—that half where the jog is; but this they find difficult, owing to the extreme unpopularity with which Stephen's love of beauty and hatred of vulgarity and ugliness, his abstracted manner and his real pride, have surrounded them. In this difficulty a friend negotiates on their behalf, and finally sends from a seaport town at Cape Cod two women as tenants—Mercy Philbrick, a widow of nineteen, and her childish old mother. Stephen's imagination breaks out into various forms of abnormal excitement, both before and after the arrival of the ladies; and his mother, who is as astute as she is detestable, resolves to watch, and to set her heel on the cockatrice egg before it has had time to develop its dangerous chick. The first interview between the predestined lovers takes place at the railway station, where Stephen meets the travellers with a fly, and conceals his designed attention by pretended surliness; and the second is at the house itself. The author has drawn a very sweet picture of the "slight, almost girlish figure in a plain, straight black gown, like a nun's, with one narrow fold of transparent white at her throat, tied carelessly by long floating ends of black ribbon," sitting "on the old stone wall, overgrown by scarlet-leaved black-berry vines." We will extract the little picture, because it is prettily done, premising that Mercy has been into the woods, where she has been gathering maple leaves:—

Presently she came to a stretch of stone wall, partly broken down, in front of an old orchard whose trees were gnarled and moss-grown. Black-berry-vines had flung themselves over this wall, in and out among the stones. The leaves of these vines were almost as brilliant as the leaves of the maple-trees. They were of all shades of red, up to the deepest claret; they were

of light green, shading into yellow, and curiously mottled with tiny points of red; all these shades and colours sometimes being seen upon one long runner. The effect of these wreaths and tangles of colour upon the old, grey stones was so fine that Mercy stood still and involuntarily exclaimed aloud. Then she picked a few of the most beautiful vines, and, climbing up on the wall, sat down to arrange them with the maple-leaves she had already gathered. She made a most picturesque picture as she sat there, in her severe black gown and quaint little black bonnet, on the stone wall, surrounded by the bright vines and leaves; her lap full of them, the ground at her feet strewn with them, her little black-gloved hands deftly arranging and rearranging them. She looked as if she might be a nun, who had run away from her cloister, and coming for the first time in her life upon gay gauds of colour, in strange fabrics, had sat herself down instantly to weave and work with them, unaware that she was on a highway.

Here Stephen White finds her sitting unconsciously in front of her own newly hired house; makes her start and shriek, because she is thinking of him at the moment; receives her frank confession of horror at the hideousness of the house as meekly as a man who has committed petty larceny receives a reprimand; and unwisely takes her in to visit his mother, who has jealously watched the whole scene from the window, thinking that the old dragon will be as fascinated as he is himself; but, instead of this, she treats the young widow so insolently—what the last generation would have called "scurvily"—that Mercy leaves the place at a tangent, too indignant to be either cheerful or courteous. The scene between the mother and son, following on this, is exceedingly well done, but intensely disagreeable, as indeed are many other scenes in the book. When the long-expected furniture arrives, and the two lonely, helpless women "settle in," Stephen wants to be of some use to them—at all events, he wants to go to the door to receive them—but the maternal dragon objects, and he dutifully submits. He manages, however, to open up secret communications with Mercy, which culminate in that astonishing love scene to which we have before referred, and which drag on a weary lengthening chain of deception, humiliation, and general unsatisfactoriness, till Mercy's mother dies. Then the young widow leaves the place, and letters and poems take the lead in her affairs; for Mercy is a poetess among her other gifts, though, soul of truth and honour as she is—"organically honest," as the author has it—she has concealed this fact from her mother, as well as her relations with Stephen White. It is before this that the Jovian shepherd of the Penfield flock has discovered the true nature of his sentiments for Mercy, and that she has refused his hand under the mistaken notion that she loved Stephen and did not love him, the shepherd.

The smooth running of this sickly stream encounters a sudden break. Stephen has foreclosed the mortgage and taken final possession of the house; when, on making certain alterations, he finds a large sum of money secreted in the chimney of Mercy's room, which sum he insists that he is entitled to keep, while Mercy says that he ought to restore it to the old woman whose property the house was. Many letters pass between them, but neither convinces the other; and at last Mercy, in despair at the want of justice and generosity in the nature of the man whom she had first idealized and then worshipped, breaks off their intercourse, and so far returns to healthy common sense. Parson Dorrance dies, and she goes back to Penfield to his funeral; and then she rejects Stephen's renewed offer, and kills his last remaining hopes by a sonnet. After this she lives for thirty years, and becomes a very charming kind of woman. She recognizes the mistake of her attachment to Stephen, and imagines herself in love with Parson Dorrance and his memory; but we venture to believe that, had she been married to some sensible and honest man, and had a few little children to nurse and educate, she would have made more of her life than she was able to make now with all her poems and her "ever-increasing spirituality of nature," her dreams and her aspirations, or even with "truth, truth, truth," as "the war-cry of her soul." The book strikes us, notwithstanding much that is excellent and even admirable in detail, as, on the whole, an elaborate mistake.

#### THE TREE-LIFTER.\*

THAT this remarkable treatise on a subject of no slight importance to the growth and improvement of ornamental and useful timber should have reached a third edition just within the life of its author is a strong proof of the soundness of his practice, even if the contrariety of his theories to the views of our chief physiologists and agricultural chemists should suggest the wisdom of receiving many of them *cum grano*. A shrewd observer and experimenter, with an ever-available supply of physical and classical knowledge fortified by extensive foreign travel, Colonel Greenwood approached his subject with justifiable self-confidence, and discussed every dictum and dogma of Liebig and Lindley on its own merits, controverting it, where he saw occasion, with examples to enforce his reasons. To the practical man the portions of his book which possess chief interest are the first part, a matter of eleven pages, detailing the advantages of tree-lifting; a description of the tree-lifter, with directions for its use; and the fourth part (pp. 185-215), which is composed of valuable hints as to pruning and thinning. It might occur to such a reader, indeed, that the bulk of the work—namely, Parts II. and III., on "the theory of transplanting, or physiology of trees in reference thereto," and the question of the effects of vegetable growth on the enrichment or impoverishment of

\* *The Tree-Lifter; or, a New Method of Transplanting Forest Trees.* By Colonel George Greenwood. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.



soils, with other kindred problems—was designed chiefly as a display of amateur brilliancy and acuteness against scientific authorities. But it must be allowed that Colonel Greenwood has so fought his battle as to the food of trees and the mode of its imbibition, the course of the sap, the upward growth of the head, and downward growth of the roots, as to furnish the most matter-of-fact man with materials for reflection, as well as to justify the connexion between his theoretical and practical chapters. In either field he moves with the ease of one who is master of his subject; and, as he has withal a considerable vein of humour, and perhaps only a modicum of reverence in his composition, his pages, though at times stiff and statistical, are constantly relieved by lively banter, and spiced with a spirit of controversy which is not the less instructive because it is playful.

Several kinds of "tree-lifters" have been adopted in time past by the late Sir Henry Stewart of Allanton, by Mr. Mackay, gardener to Mr. Strutt (now Lord Belper) of Kingston Hall, near Derby, and a most elaborate and powerful one by Mr. McGlashan of Edinburgh. This last raises the tree by means of strong screws, requiring a few men to work them, transplanting it on a strong wooden truck upon wheels placed on the top of the soil around the tree, into which have first been driven a number of iron spades working inside an iron frame. Its value consists in lifting the tree with a large ball of earth and a minimum of injury to the roots. Colonel Greenwood's principle corresponds with this in transplanting the tree with the ball of earth, so as to avoid the need of watering, as well as staking and tying, both processes involving extra labour and expense; and it also avoids the risk of checking the growth of the tree. John Evelyn's mode of transplanting by cutting a trench round the tree is in some respects a kindred process, with this advantage, however, in favour of Colonel Greenwood's plan, that trees transplanted by the lifter make their new roots in ground where they are destined to remain, and escape the risks of after-removal. The Colonel's machine, which is so far cheaper than its predecessors that a day labourer may with it plant a tree a day, of from twenty-five to thirty feet in height, is briefly of this description:—A pair of wheels, eight feet in diameter, stand four feet six inches apart, with twenty spokes, and the width of the tire two and one-eighth inches. The wheels are straight and *undished*. An iron axle, of three inches diameter throughout and perfectly straight, has an iron wheel, fixed with a linch-pin at each end, outside the box of each wooden wheel. Each iron wheel has six spokes, ending in wooden handles, projecting a foot beyond the rims; and one wooden handle is fixed on the rims between each spoke. The ends of these twelve handles must be just within the rims of the wooden wheels; and the machine will thus be simply a windlass on wheels, with a strong iron ring playing loose on the axle, and an iron hook playing loose on this ring, to hold the weight when raised. The shafts are to be ten feet four inches from the axle, from which they take on and off by means of a hook and screw. Five chains, of the length of twelve feet six inches, with a hook at each end, and a similar chain, in all but six round links, for distinction's sake, of fourteen feet six inches in length, are kept in a box of six compartments; and two strong eight-foot planks, with a hole in each to fit on to a pin on the shafts, along which and across the axle the planks rest when carried on the machine, nearly complete the apparatus. The axle has at one end a strong rope, at the other a strong iron ring to receive the chains encircling the ball of earth, and to be attached to the hook and ring on the axle when the weight is raised (see pp. 3, 4). It is impossible to convey a full impression of this machine without the help of the draughtsman; and it is difficult to abridge the author's directions for practice. The first thing to be done is to choose a tree of from twenty to thirty feet high, with several leaders, or exuberant branches, so as to take from the head as much as will probably be taken from the roots, giving it a clear leader, and cutting out all branches large enough to compete with the stem, to which all should be cut close. A trench should be dug round the tree at twenty inches distance, and the ball of earth undermined at three feet depth. Then the machine, without the shaft, is placed on the planks, and the wheels are blocked, the centre of the axle being over the centre of the ball of earth, and the ring of the windlass rope at the foot of the tree. Then the chain with round links is loosely and horizontally placed round the lower part of the ball of earth, so that it lies on the ground in the pit:—

Cross the end held in the left hand twice over that held in the right, and lay both ends down. Pass one of the other chains half way through the ring of the windlass rope, with its ends beneath the horizontal chain, and hooked back on the chain itself. Do the same with the other chains; so that when the windlass is worked these five equidistant vertical chains shall bear an equal distress from the ball's weight. Fasten the horizontal chain by hooking it to any convenient part of the vertical chains. Raise the ball of earth with the windlass, and place the ring of the windlass rope on the hook attached to the axle.

The ball of earth thus carried is kept together, which is most essential, as any movement is apt to shake it, when resting on a truck or when lifted on or off, by the chains acting toward each other; and "the greater the weight the greater the inward pressure." For the further processes of lowering the tree into its new "situation," of blocking the wheels, and staying the sway of the tree, we must refer the reader to the book itself.

Colonel Greenwood's second or theoretic part proceeds on the principle that a diminished root cannot support an undiminished head, or, in other words, that the head must be curtailed in proportion to the curtailment of the roots, by which the sap is absorbed and takes its

course upward through the whole wood (heartwood as well as sapwood) of root, stem, and branches. It thence passes through the insides of the leaves and buds, and returns through their outsides into the bark, so descending to the roots again. The ascending sap gives growth in elongation of stem and branches; the descending sap gives growth in girthing and in elongation of the roots. An elaborate argument is used to show, in opposition to numerous authorities, that that part of the root which is supposed to imbibe no moisture is the only part which really does imbibe moisture, and that the unripe ends or fibres, commonly believed to be the sole organs of imbibition, are in fact the only parts which do not exercise that function. In confirmation of this argument the author cites the analogy of the food of agastrie animals as imbibed by the surface, as is that of seeds, of cuttings, of coiled vine branches, and of half-radishes, all proving absorption from the surface without the aid of the small fibres or ends of roots; and it must be owned that he very cleverly conducts his argument against what he calls the "scientific vulgar error" that roots absorb by a sponge at their ends. Nor is this unimportant or irrelevant to his main subject; because, if it is clear that the lives of plants do not depend for nourishment on the extremities of their roots, there will be less compunction in depriving our transplanted trees of their rootlets by simple excision in the process which Colonel Greenwood's work advocates:—

As long [he writes] as the root is unripe—in other words, unwoody—it is totally useless; that is, it has no upper conduit for the sap. The small fibres of the root bear the same relation to a tree as children to a commonwealth. So far from being a present source of strength, they are an actual expense and outgoing; though by their growth and maturity—that is, when the unripe fibres become woody roots, and the children become men—they are the very springs of vital energy.

The second chapter traces the course of the sap from the root to the leaf, and back again to the root; and, after discriminating between heartwood and sapwood, the author maintains by experiments that both these, or the whole of the wood, are the conduits of the upward sap, whose ascent he regards (contrary to Sir Humphry Davy's view that it was due to the motion caused in trees by wind, and by the contraction and expansion of the wood from alternations of heat and cold), as caused rather by turgescence or swelling, though he owns that this, his hobby, is "a dark horse." In answering the question "where the sap is elaborated and whence the new growth in girthing is deposited," and dealing with its supposed elaboration in the leaf, and the girthing-growth resulting from the deposit of this elaborated sap in its return down the bark, he suggests that the *first* office of the leaf is transpiration and excretion—in discussing which position he incidentally falls foul of Liebig, and maintains his own view with cogent arguments and analogies, though he may startle general readers by the seeming paradox that "the division of trees into deciduous and non-deciduous is not strictly correct"; the *second*, the formation of the winter-bud; the *third*, the changing of the sap from the upward conduit, the wood, to the downward conduit, the bark, the growth in girthing being shown to be dependent on the latter, and deposited from the bark. In a very instructive chapter, which is all the more readable from its combative-ness, he contends for the lateral as well as longitudinal flow of sap through the whole wood, discusses hesitatingly the connexion and offices of the pith, and (p. 73) broaches a subject which, later on, becomes the burden of his fourth part, when he shows, from the observation that the sap-channels are general and not special, how pruning increases the supply to the leader and remaining branches, which is the secret also of the extraordinary strength of the shoots of the pollards and coppice stools. The third chapter, on "the upward growth of the head and downward growth of the roots," and the fourth which discusses, amongst other matters, the best time for transplanting trees with a ball of earth (i.e. not when it is shooting, but when it has formed its winter-bud, or generally, for English trees, in July, August, or September), and the best time for felling trees (in January, when the sap tide is at its lowest ebb, and timber least liable to fermentation and decay) deserve careful reading. In his third part he deals with the problem of the enrichment, impoverishment, or poisoning of soils by vegetable growth, as to which he concludes that, so long as the plants are returned to the soil from which they have been fed, there can be no impoverishment, and that, though rotation is of service in man's cropping, "in those farms or estates which God keeps in his own hands, where of all that is grown nothing is abstracted, vegetable growth by its chemistry enriches and does not impoverish the soil."

Perhaps, however, Colonel Greenwood's best chapter is that devoted to "pruning and thinning," to which he attaches great but not undue weight, believing that in shelter and good soil single trees might, by gradual and early pruning, grow far higher than their present maximum height. To get valuable timber there is need of a maximum head on a maximum height of branchless stem; to which end the tree-fancier should so prune as to keep a clear leader, cut off all branches large enough to compete with the stem, or growing parallel to it close to the stem, which should be shriven to one-third of its height; with this limitation the more branches the better, for the returning sap's tribute to the girthing of the stem below, as well as the girthing and length of roots. But pruning, we are reminded again and again, should be gradual and annual. Urgent counsel follows as to thinning and pruning with the common saw, the axe, and the cross saw; the overgrowth of side branches in plantations, which it is quite right to plant too thick to grow, but not right to leave unthinned or only thinned by fits and starts, though here, as

in other matters, "better late than never" holds good. "In plantations," says our author, "the nurse always overlies the child," and in correction of this fatal tendency he would thin annually and regularly, cutting out the worst plants worst placed, and leaving the best best placed. As to pruning, he adds that, when well done, it does not increase the aggregate quantity of wood made by a tree, but by improving its location increases the measurable timber. "The bulk to which all the side branches gradually taken off would have grown may be considered as laid on to that part of the stem which is above them, without detracting from the bulk of that part of the stem which is below them." The author controverts De Candolle's statement that a branchless stem is natural to a tree by the argument that in every tree, save the Italian pine, the branchless stem is the result of injury from man, beast, or neighbouring trees; and that the Italian pine is not to be regarded as profitable or clean timber. There is also much cogency in his remarks on the groundless prejudice against the use of the saw, and much interest, as well as humour, in his remarks on the longevity of trees, from the calculated age of one of which, the *Adansonia digitata*, or Baobab, or Monkey-bread—namely, 5,150 years, or near a thousand years before the Flood, as inferred from its diameter—he is cruel enough to deduct so largely that, in the end, the tree is reduced to the comparatively modest age of 720 years.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE *Revue archéologique*, like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, abounds in articles which deserve to be republished in a separate and more permanent form. We have already spoken of M. Perrot's interesting volume; we have now to notice briefly M. Miller's *Mélanges de philologie et d'épigraphie*.<sup>\*</sup> It comprises thirteen essays, four of which place before us a series of Greek texts hitherto unknown, whilst the remaining nine are devoted to the deciphering and interpretation of inscriptions discovered at Thasos, at Larissa, and in Egypt. This last class of documents does not present any point of great merit, with the exception, perhaps, of a Christian inscription belonging to the year 409 which has been found at Alexandria. The Greek texts printed by M. Miller from MSS. kept in various European libraries are principally a number of poems, the author of which, Theodoros Prodromos, a Byzantine writer of the twelfth century, appears to have been known merely as a tedious panegyrist and a wordy flatterer of the Emperor Manuel Comnenus. The most valuable part of M. Miller's volume is, we think, the article relating to the Onomasticon of Julius Pollux, which supplies some new readings of a really important character. The book can hardly fail to receive the attention of antiquaries and Greek scholars.

The Correspondence of Count de Serre, edited by his son†, two volumes of which are now published, is a most interesting contribution to the history of France since the beginning of the Revolution. It will be remembered that Count de Serre played a conspicuous part in the history of the Restoration. He was Keeper of the Seals under the administrations of M. Decazes and of the Duke of Richelieu, and obtained great and deserved popularity by his consistent opposition to the reactionary measures of the ultra-Royalists. Yet his conciliatory policy was completely frustrated by the intrigues of the revolutionary party, who, rather than support the Bourbon dynasty even when governing according to a Liberal programme, contracted an unnatural alliance with the Bonapartists. The general attention lately bestowed upon the history of the fifteen years beginning with 1815 will give to the correspondence now before us the interest of an *ouvrage de circonstance*. The two volumes just published extend from 1796 to 1820, and they are valuable, not only as political documents, but also on account of the details they give us respecting the private life of an excellent man.

M. Ernest Semichon begins his new work by remarking that the reign of Louis XVI. may be considered as having lasted only fifteen years, from 1774 to 1789‡; after that time France was in fact governed by the States-General, the National Assembly, the Legislative Assembly, and finally the Convention. The period during which the unfortunate monarch really exercised his authority as a king, although often studied, has never yet received the full amount of attention it deserves, especially from the point of view of the reforms introduced by him in the various branches of the public service. Though certain writers see nothing but errors and prejudices in the political life of Louis XVI., M. Semichon shows that, even while he was still Dauphin, he devoted the greatest care to the wants of the people, and that every page in the annals of his reign contains mention of reforms, some of which were carried out, whilst others were unsuccessfully attempted. The Revolution in its headlong course swept away many of the improvements due to the initiative of the King, supported and encouraged by men such as Malesherbes, Turgot, &c.; others survived and exist even now. M. Semichon has taken the trouble of noting down minutely the numerous enactments which justify him in regarding Louis XVI. as a reformer; and he shows that the anarchy prevailing everywhere, heightened by the most frightful moral

corruption, rendered the task an exceptionally difficult one. The volume ends with an appendix of illustrative documents.

The Alsatian Pope\* whose biography the Abbé Delarc undertakes to relate is none else than Leo IX., known before his ordination by the name of Bruno, son of Hugo, Count of Nordgau and of Lower Alsace. According to our author, Leo IX. may be considered to have been the precursor of Hildebrand; the new Moses of a new Joshua, he guided the Roman Church to the promised land; the reforms which Gregory VII. introduced had been prepared by Leo IX., and the activity displayed by the Holy See during the second half of the eleventh century dates from the pontificate of the Alsatian priest. With the accession of Leo a new life began for Rome; then it was that the series of the Tusculan Popes disappeared to make room for the more energetic prelates of the twelfth century. M. Delarc's original intention was, and, we believe, still is, to write the history of Gregory VII. M. Villemain's well-known work is no doubt a remarkable literary composition, but it has no claim to be called a critical monograph, and it was written too exclusively under the impression of the Gallican notions which were popular fifty years ago. M. Delarc uniformly takes his position on the original documents handed down to us as to the history of the Papacy; he merely seeks to interpret them for us, and to assist us in deciphering a mass of evidence through which the uninitiated would have some difficulty in finding their way. But the natural preface to a life of Gregory VII. is a life of Leo, and accordingly the present volume, though complete in itself, is only to be regarded as a kind of introduction, the main work being a complete history of the origin and development of Ultramontanism. The subject is certainly a most interesting one, and M. Delarc appears well qualified to deal with it, so far as learning and literary power are concerned. As for adopting his conclusions, that is a totally different matter.

M. Vernes d'Arlandes has evidently a predilection for Italy. Some years ago he published a small volume about the Neapolitans, which was noticed by Lamartine; he now takes us on a longer excursion—from Marseilles to Naples, passing through Florence, Genoa, Pisa, and Rome.† He is the most agreeable of guides, talking of a country and a people with which he is closely familiar, appreciating the monuments of art and the beauties of nature, and intermingling his descriptions with amusing remarks on the Italian society of the nineteenth century. Though only eighteen years have elapsed since the publication of his first volume, the Italy of 1875 has few points of resemblance with the Naples of 1857. The reader will see this at once if he will take the trouble of comparing the two volumes; both of them are highly entertaining, in addition to the interesting notices they give us of art, both ancient and modern.

From Italy let us travel northwards, and venture even as far as Lapland.‡ In this journey, which we make under the guidance of M. Hippeau, we are in quest not of masterpieces of sculpture or painting, but of evidence on the great problem of public instruction. M. Hippeau intends to devote a series of volumes to this topic; the United States, Germany, England, and Italy, have already been examined, and now we come to the Scandinavian States. As in all his previous publications, he deals alike with superior, intermediate, and elementary education; he quotes abundantly from Blue-books and official documents, and his pages bristle with figures. The facts he has collected lead him to the twofold conclusion, first, that the countries of Northern Europe are those where education is most carefully provided for; and next, that the Reformation was the original cause of this state of things. M. Hippeau's remarks confirm the views put forth by M. Lavisse in his article on the German Universities, lately reprinted from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; and the results obtained throughout Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, are well calculated to stimulate the activity of our French neighbours.

The name of Baron de Gentz is well known to persons who take an interest in modern politics. A friend of Metternich §, admitted into the secret confidence of the famous Austrian politician, Gentz played a conspicuous part in the diplomatic transactions which resulted from the French Revolution and the First Empire. His first attempt as a writer was an essay on the origin of the principles of law, published in the *Berliner Monatschrift*; this remarkable paper immediately recommended him to the notice of all the German, and we may say the European, statesmen of the time; and on more than one occasion he was called upon to act as a mediator in the most important transactions. It was he who drew up the manifestoes issued against the Government of Napoleon by the Cabinets of Berlin (1806) and Vienna (1809, 1813). It need hardly be said, therefore, that any collection of diplomatic letters from his pen must deserve serious attention, and the present volume will be found to throw considerable light on the origin of that Eastern question which occupies just now all men's thoughts. It includes the greater part of the despatches addressed between the years 1813 and 1828 by Gentz to the hospodars of Wallachia, Tanko Karadja and Alexander Soutzo, whose power, established with difficulty and surrounded by obstacles of every kind, was threatened in consequence of the Philhellenic movements encouraged by Russia. The documents now collected

\* *Un pape alsacien. Essai historique sur Saint-Léon IX. et son temps.* Par M. l'abbé Delarc. Paris: Plon.

† *Trois mois en Italie.* Par Th. Vernes d'Arlandes. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *L'instruction publique dans les États du Nord.* Par C. Hippeau. Paris: Didier.

§ *Dépêches inédites du chancelier de Gentz aux hospodars de Valachie.* Publiées par le comte Prokesch-Osten. Paris: Plon.

\* *Mélanges de philologie et d'épigraphie.* Par E. Miller. Paris: Didier.

† *Correspondance du comte de Serre.* Annotée et publiée par son fils. Vols. I. and II. Paris: Vaton.

‡ *Les réformes sous Louis XVI.* Par E. Semichon. Paris: Didier.



were handed over by Prince Metternich himself to Count Prokesch-Osten, whose son has now examined them, selecting the most important for publication.

M. Duret has undertaken to write the history of the important years from 1870 to 1873\*, the first volume taking us as far only as the capitulation of Sedan and the revolution of September 4. He limits himself to a summary of the principal events, compiled from the journals of various officers who took a part in the war, the Parliamentary evidence, and the memoirs of statesmen both on the Imperial and the Republican sides. His narrative is carefully written, without being dry. In his introductory chapter M. Duret shows, first, the error of those who think that the English theory of government can be applied to French institutions by virtue of a decree; and, secondly, the folly of attempting to engraft constitutional forms on a system of despotism such as that of Napoleon.

The Memoirs published by M. E. de Barthélemy† are interesting both as throwing light on the history of Protestantism two hundred years ago, and also on account of the romantic character of his heroine's life. We may refer our readers to M. de Barthélemy's preface for the details of Charlotte Amélie de la Trémoille's eventful career; we need merely say here that, Protestant to the backbone, she wrote her reminiscences for the express purpose of reminding her son of his duties, and of strengthening him in his faith at a time when many distinguished Frenchmen were returning to Roman Catholicism, either under threats of royal displeasure, or under the seductive influence of promised favours, pensions, and dignities. The Prince de Tarente, Charlotte Amélie's father, had himself abjured the principles of the Reformation, and therefore the danger of such an example was very real. In fact, her own husband followed in the same direction, and Mme. de Tarente left France in order that her eldest daughter might at any rate be withdrawn from similar temptations. The correspondence of Mme. de Sévigné contains several references to her, and the delightful little volume before us is a valuable addition to the already rich stock of French memoirs.

M. de Stendhal, or M. Beyle, to call him by his real name, had formed the plan of a complete Life of Napoleon I., which his acquaintance with a number of details not generally known specially qualified him to undertake.‡ During the course of twenty years he collected materials of the most varied kind, and accumulated information from every available source. In course of time, however, he found that the task he had in view was far beyond his strength, and he limited himself to the idea of a work which was to form six or seven volumes, under the title of *Mémoires sur Napoléon*. Once more obstacles prevented the carrying out even of this modified plan, and the original conception was reduced to the proportions of a small volume of not quite three hundred pages. M. Beyle's plan was to write out his own version of any important fact connected with the history of the Emperor, giving afterwards Napoleon's narrative, taken either from the *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène* or from the memoirs dictated to MM. de Montholon and Gourgaud. In the present edition the only matter printed is M. Beyle's series of fragments. They are all highly interesting, and marked by that meanness which characterizes all the author's productions; they extend over the whole of Napoleon's career, are written in the most unpretending manner, and their thorough honesty gives them a value which does not always belong to mere anecdotes.

M. Plon's collection of travels has lately been enriched by two volumes equally interesting, although from different points of view. Let us speak first of M. de Vogüé's narrative of a journey to Syria and Palestine.§ The leading idea which has inspired this little book is the necessity of studying ancient history afresh on the spot, and comparing the evidence supplied by written documents with that which attentive and patient observation offers to the scientific traveller. The author does not, however, discuss points of archaeology and philology, nor does he deal with the political topics of the day. His volume is mainly a record of personal impressions and description of scenery, though he sometimes attempts a philosophical appreciation of the past suggested by the study of the magnificent ruins which time has accumulated in Syria and Palestine.

M. Jurien de la Gravière says in the last page of his new book ||, "S'il y a encore une Turquie, il n'y a plus, à proprement parler, de Turcs; les janissaires étaient les derniers. La vitalité a passé à une autre race." It seems, however, as if events were giving the lie to this assertion. Turkey, imprudently provoked, is putting forth its strength; it pushes on its military operations with vigour, enthusiasm, and up to the present time with success. But M. de la Gravière regards the recent display of energy on the part of Turkey as only the last flickering of a lamp on the point of going out. We shall not here discuss such matters. It may suffice to say that his two volumes, besides giving an account of the revival of the French navy during the Restoration, place before us a complete narrative of the events which, between 1820 and 1829, led to the foundation of the kingdom of Greece, and to

the gradual emancipation of Christian populations till then existing as subjects of Islam.

M. J. Reinach has published, in a small volume\*, a very well-written and complete history of Serbia and Montenegro. He begins with an account of the origin of Serbia, sketches its position under the Ottoman rule, describes the revolution which placed the supreme power in the hands of Kara-George; and, after devoting a distinct chapter to the Montenegrins, he gives a sketch of the manners, customs, and literature of the two countries. The question of Pan Slavism terminates the volume, M. Reinach adjuring France to prevent the encroachment of Russia by taking in hand the cause of the Servians.

Shakspeare forms the subject of an interesting article contributed by M. Marc Monnier to the October number of the *Bibliothèque universelle*.† The play selected is *Hamlet*, and the immediate topic discussed in connexion with that tragedy is Signor Giulio Cascano's Italian translation. Thoroughly acquainted as M. Marc Monnier is with the English, French, German, and Italian dramas, he takes the opportunity of placing before us a comparative sketch which shows the difficulties that a writer has to overcome in his endeavour to clothe Shakspeare's thoughts in a foreign language.

The late M. Philariète Chasles was perhaps, of all contemporary Frenchmen, the one who had familiarized himself most completely with English literature; he took it for the usual theme of his brilliant lectures, and he estimated it a great deal better, we think, and more impartially, than M. Taine. The present instalment of his *Œuvres complètes* contains only a small part of his criticisms on the poets and prose-writers of our country. Francis Jeffrey, Southey, Thomas Moore, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë are the authors whom he has selected; and his essays are preceded by an introduction in which he endeavours to estimate the share which the various European nationalities have had respectively in modifying the genius of England.

Aristophanes and his political dramas are M. Deschanel's favourite study§; some ten years ago he devoted to the subject an amusing little volume in which he managed to find a place for numerous excursions into the French politics of the day. The new edition now before us is considerably modified; many allusions which were perfectly clear in 1860 have become comparatively obscure, or at any rate have lost their *à propos*, and are suppressed. The book is that of a scholar, and also of a keen satirist.

Amongst the works of fiction published during the last few weeks, we may mention George Sand's delightful collection of fairy tales ||, and Count de Gobineau's Asiatic stories.¶ This gentleman, who has spent a great deal of his life in the East, endeavours here to describe, not only the vices of Oriental nations, but also their good qualities, and his sketches, whilst they strike us by their originality, commend themselves as the trustworthy results of personal and careful observation.

We shall conclude with a mention of M. Charpentier's *Petite bibliothèque* \*\*, which is advancing slowly; the last volume out comprises three of Alfred de Musset's best comediettas.

\* *La Serbie et le Monténégro*. Par J. Reinach. Paris: Lévy.

† *Bibliothèque universelle*. Livraison d'Octobre. Lausanne: Bridel.

‡ *L'Angleterre littéraire*. Par Ph. Chasles. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Études sur Aristophane*. Par E. Deschanel. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

|| *Contes d'une grand-mère*. Par George Sand. Paris: Lévy.

¶ *Nouvelles asiatiques*. Par le Comte de Gobineau. Paris: Didier.

\*\* *Petite bibliothèque Charpentier: comédies et proverbes d'Alfred de Musset*. Vol. ii.

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\* *Histoire de quatre ans*. Par Théodore Duret. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Mémoires de Charlotte Amélie de la Trémoille*. Publiées par E. de Barthélemy. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher.

‡ *Vie de Napoléon; fragments*. Par H. Beyle. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Syrie, Palestine, mont Atlas*. Par le Vicomte de Vogüé. Paris: Plon.

|| *La station du Levant*. Par M. le vice-amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris: Plon.

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Hon. Secretary—C. H. LAKE, B.A. London, Caterham Valley.

**THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE of TEACHERS** will be held in London about the middle of January next, under the direction of the Teachers' Association. President—The Right Hon. LYON PLAYFAIR, C.B., M.P. Vice-Presidents—The Right Rev. the Bishop of Exeter; the Rev. Dr. FARHAM, Canon of Westminster; W. B. HODGSON, LL.D., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh; Professor MELKIORIS, St. Andrew's, N.B. All Teachers are invited to attend. Gentlemen or Ladies wishing to read Papers on Educational Subjects are requested to communicate at once with the Secretaries, O. BROWNING, Esq., King's College, Cambridge; F. STORR, Esq., 40 Mochnall Square, W.C. Particulars of Date and Place of Meeting will be published shortly.

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